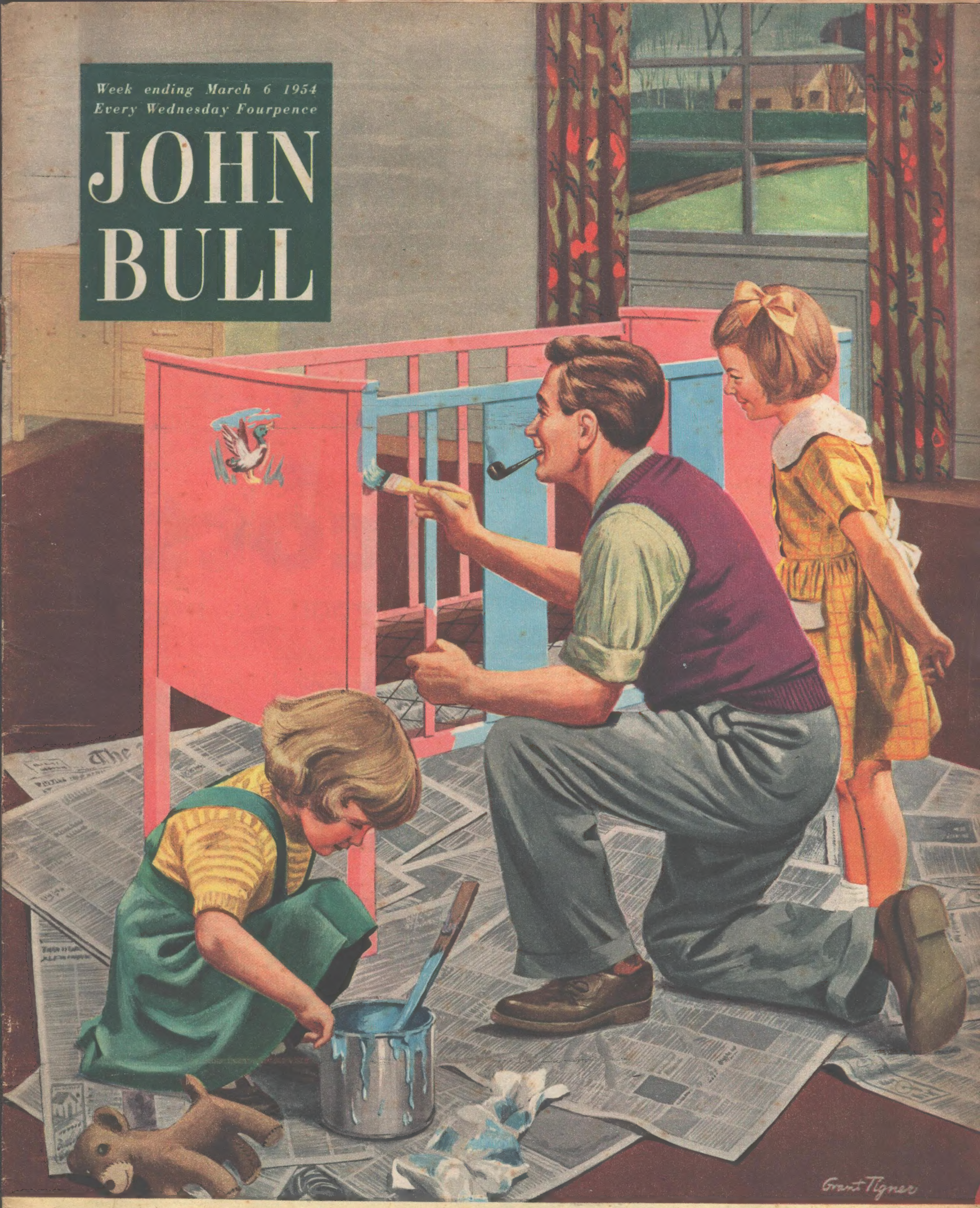
Week ending March 6 1954
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL



THE STRANGE LAND **HAMMOND INNES** | **VIC OLIVER** MY GAY ADVENTURE

Hurrah

What's more—we Mothers know the family needs nourishing, energy-giving breakfasts to start the day well—that's why Scott's is so popular with us.* *Did you know that an ounce of Oat Flakes has more calories than an ounce of any other cereal?*

FOR THE CREAMIEST PORRIDGE THERE IS!

... that's what we say at our house we think Scott's is great

Yes, " Scott's-for-breakfast " families all agree there's no porridge so tempting as creamy Scott's. A *hot* breakfast gives the family a really good start to the day—and for a *nourishing* hot breakfast, there's nothing like Scott's. It's so quickly prepared, too, and so easy on the purse.

Scott's

for a good *hot* breakfast

FLIP FLIP HOORAY!

don't FLOP—have a FLIP

Your very first glass of Seagers Egg Flip will win your confidence, sip by delicious sip. You can't help warming to the tang of its wine, the rich smoothness, of eggs creamed with sugar. It's a friend when friends forgather for a party. It can be a friend in need too, to flip you out of the flops and into festive mood!

17/6 a bottle, 9/3 half bottle, also in baby bottles 2/6

Genuine Egg Flip—the best of its kind

SEAGERS EGG FLIP

Seagers Evans & Co. Ltd., The Distillery, London, E.C.3.

4p10

Golly it's Good on toast or Bread the Golden Rule is

Golden Shred

The World's Best Marmalade

***New Reduced Price* 1'4^{p} a 1lb JAR**

EDITORIAL

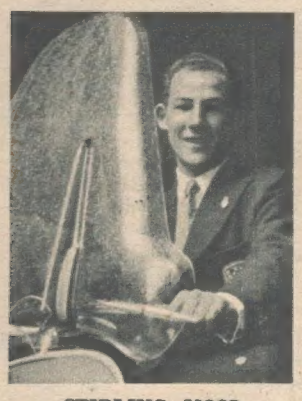
Design for safety

CAR designers are now working hard on their 1955 models. This autumn, we are likely to see cheaper and faster cars. Nobody expects safer cars.

Yet the figure of 63,509 killed and injured in vehicles last year—about seven every hour—is a challenge to the motor industry.

Even Stirling Moss, the racing driver, says: "It is far more important for the ordinary car to be as safe as possible than to be able to do an extra ten miles an hour."

THE insides of many cars recall the Iron Maiden of the Middle Ages—a device which enclosed the unfortunate prisoner with lethal spikes. All round the interiors are handles, knobs, mirrors, sharp edges of thin metal, projecting bars, and glass ready to smash into mutilating knives.



STIRLING MOSS
"Not faster, but safer"

In America, they are more conscious of the danger that all this adds up to. Dr. William Harper, of California, has investigated three thousand accidents. He has found that fifty to sixty per cent of injuries are due to people being thrown against the inside of the car. Twenty to thirty per cent are due to people being thrown out. Only ten to twenty per cent are caused by actual crushing. He wants seats attached more firmly, and what he calls the "fangs of death"—projecting knobs—set into the dashboard, which should be padded.

A RESEARCHER from Cornell University, Edward Dye, has broken a thousand eggs in experiments on "the suicide seat," as the place next to the driver is called. In proportion to their size, eggs crack like human skulls.

His conclusions are that the seat should face backwards and have a safety belt—both proved accident safeguards in aeroplanes. This is a counsel of perfection, however. Few people would want to travel backwards, and not many would bother with safety belts.

But there is a strong case for padding the metal and removing the projections. And toughened glass used in windscreens, while often an improvement on ordinary glass, must be the subject of further research. The use of transparent plastics as in motor cycle windscreens might well be worth while.

EVERY driver can suggest other improvements: better visibility, the absence of blind spots, rain-wipers over the whole windscreen and rear window too.

The first manufacturer to produce a really safe car will do a tremendously important service to the community. In addition, he might well find that he has hit a commercial jackpot.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

BLUE for a boy, but why? Little Boy Blue may have had something to do with it, but blue always was a masculine colour. The kings of England were particularly fond of it when choosing colour-schemes for a new shield. But in this week's cover-painting, artist Grant Tigner, thirty-three year old American now back home after a spell in Britain, was concerned only with capturing a father's joy at the arrival, at last, of a son and heir.

The Housewife's Choice

WHEN you select 'Ovaltine' to add to your purchases, you can be sure that you are choosing a product of outstanding merit.

'Ovaltine' differs from other food beverages in its scientific composition and the proportions of its constituents. Prepared from Nature's best foods, it provides nutritive elements—fortified with additional vitamins—in a concentrated and easily digestible form.

Because of world-wide demand and exceptional manufacturing resources, 'Ovaltine' gives you the highest possible quality at the lowest possible price. Remember . . . *it pays to buy the best.*

For Quality & Value - *it's* Ovaltine *EVERY TIME!*

P.920A

1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.

OVALTINE BISCUITS

These delightful new biscuits are crisp and delicious—with a really distinctive flavour. Made from the finest ingredients, they come to you in sealed airtight cartons to retain their oven-freshness. 'Ovaltine' Biscuits are ideal for all occasions.

In ½ lb. cartons 1/3

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KIWI POLISH CO. PTY. LTD.
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TO THE LATE KING
GEORGE VI

Deep
Shine with
KIWI

A little bird
told me—
you like

BLUE
BIRD
TOFFEES

Take the
Home Sweet Home!

HARRY VINCENT LTD.
HUNNINGTON, nr BIRMINGHAM

FREE SPEECH

His accent held him back

THREE years ago my niece married a young Lancastrian who had a responsible job with a firm in Manchester. He had done well at his grammar school, and held a wartime commission.

After their marriage, they settled in the south, and the husband took a promising post in a large business. Early last year he told me that he was liking the work very much, but felt that he was being unfairly passed over for promotion. I was not altogether surprised to hear this, and I told him frankly where I thought the trouble lay. "It's your accent that's holding you back," I said. "Many firms in the south feel that it's important that the men who represent them in public should speak B.B.C. English. They're quite happy to make an exception for a Scot or an Irishman, but they're not at all keen on strong provincial or country accents." This annoyed him—he is a good local patriot—but he followed my advice and took an elocution course. He is a branch manager now—but he still speaks with a Lancashire accent at home. — G. P. M., Brighton, Sussex.

Lucky Number

I GAVE my telephonist a rise last week, although she does not know why. Making a call from home, I absent-mindedly dialled my office number instead of the number I intended to call. The girl did not recognize my voice, but most courteously informed me of my error, asked whom I had wanted, and looked up the number for me. I was pleased by this efficiency; it deserved reward.—H. J. M., Glasgow.

Delayed Action

IN South Africa, a flag is run up when a house under construction reaches roof level, and the owner is expected to put up spirits and malt drinks for the workers. This custom parallels the German and Tuscan building customs described in "Free Speech," but South Africa has its own twist. If no party is arranged, the flag is flown at half-mast for a few days. If *that* does not bring a

party, nothing further happens, the house is finished and the men depart. The owner's surprise comes when he lights his first winter fire in the lounge. Smoke pours into the room, blackening his ceiling, ruining his soft furnishings, and doing damage that costs more than any party. The chimney has been blocked with a sheet of plain glass.—H. O. COLLETT, Johannesburg, South Africa.

Planned Economy

WHEN we were small, my sister and I received 7d. a week pocket money ("Free Speech," February 13)—6d. to save and a penny to spend. This saving continued throughout our schooldays. During my last two years at school (until I was seventeen), I had 5s. a week, and aimed at saving 4s. I worked for the next two years, and of £2 7s. a week wages, £1 was for my keep at home, £1 was saved, 5s. was for clothes and 2s. to spend. By the time I was nineteen, I had £150. I entered university on a scholarship, and paid for my keep out of my savings and worked in vacations for pocket money. When I left after a year to get married, I still had £100 left to go towards our home. — MRS. SHEILA M. CLAYDON, Manton House Farm, Marlborough, Wiltshire.

. . . PLEASE don't print any more letters saying that someone's fifteen-year-old son has £1 a week pocket money. I send JOHN BULL on to my thirteen-year-old son at school, and I can just imagine next Monday's letter. He gets 2s. 6d. a week, and manages to collect antique weapons on it. I wonder what the headmaster of Stowe School would say to your correspondent. His boys are allowed 1s. a week.—WENDY SIDNEY-WILMOT, Sloane Street, London, S.W.1.

. . . I can give my son, who is fifteen and whose father was killed in

PAUL BRICKHILL
writes his finest
book yet
FURTHER DETAILS ON PAGE 16

action in Tunisia, only 2s. 6d. a week, but then I am allowed only 11s. for his complete keep.—MRS. L., Yorkshire.

. . . MY brother and I earned our pocket money. I cleaned the knives on the old-fashioned rubbing board, and my brother cleaned the silver and brass door knobs. We did this every Saturday, and received 3d. Unless it is earned, too much pocket money (or even any at all) creates many problems. It may lead to the formation of expensive and careless habits, and it is often reflected in married life, when the husband will insist on having his excess of pocket money, even if it means that his wife and children go short in the home.—A. RANSON, Probation Officer, Stalybridge, Cheshire.

Frozen Earth

SOME friends with a party line telephone found during the very cold spell that their phone was not working. The Post Office sent a man to trace the fault. He picked up the receiver; there was no dialling tone. Then he asked for a kettle of boiling water and poured it on to the earth connection outside. Immediately the phone began to work perfectly again. After the engineer's visit, this request could be heard frequently in the house: "Boil me a kettle, dear. I want to make a phone call." It appears that with a party line the "earth" plays an important part in the signalling circuit. Frozen ground does not give a satisfactory earth, so thawing-out is necessary. — E. A. HEWSON, Springfield Road, Castle Bromwich.

Ticket Pocket

DURING the cold spell I got into the habit of stuffing my bus tickets into my overcoat pocket as soon as I had paid my fare so that I could put my gloves on again quickly. I use two buses in the morning and two at night, and I soon had quite a collection. When an inspector asked for my ticket a few nights ago, there were twenty-seven for him to choose from. — L. MCMAHON, Field Lane, Bartley Green, Birmingham.

Dust Storm

A FEW days ago a friend called on us as she was passing through our Buckinghamshire village. When we went to see her off, she looked at her car in amazement. "I didn't notice it snowing," she said. The car was covered by a white powder; but it was not snow, it was dust from the cement works nearly a mile away. When the chimneys are going full blast, there are such heavy falls of dust in this rural area that it can be seen on clothes, cars, houses and hedges, and even in our homes, where furniture carefully dusted in the morning is sometimes so thickly covered by evening that a name can be written on it. — E. BANFIELD, Ivinghoe, Buckinghamshire.

"We have received similar complaints from many other districts," says the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. "We are considering the submission of evidence concerning rural air pollution to the government Committee On Air Pollution. The rural pollution arises very largely from the big cement works."

Arms And The Man

THE Yorkshireman, or "Yorkshire Tyke," has his own traditional coat of arms. On its quartered shield are depicted a flea, a fly, a magpie and a flitch of bacon. This rhyme explains their significance:

A flea, a fly and a magpie, an' a bacon flitch
Is t'Yorkshireman's coit of arms,
An' t'reason they've chozzen thease things so rich,
Is becoz they hez all special charms.
A flea will bite whoivver it can—
An' so, my lads, will a Yorkshireman!
A fly will sup with a Dick, Tom or Dan—
An' so begow will a Yorkshireman!
A magpie can talk for a terrible span—
An' so an' all can a Yorkshireman!
A flitch is no good while it's hung, ya'll agree,
An' no more is a Yorkshireman, doan't ya see!

— STANLEY SENIOR, Earlsheaton, Dewsbury, Yorkshire.

Letters intended for publication should be as brief as possible and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed, and at usual rates for readers' photographs. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

To mining, as to so many industries, electricity brings power for productivity, power for cutting and carrying, and to convey miners to and from the surface. For nearly 50 years ENGLISH ELECTRIC has produced mining electrical equipment — hoist drives, hauling 24,000 miners a day in Britain alone; coal cutter motors; underground locomotives; and much else to increase mining's contribution to the prosperity of many nations.

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From coal, that ENGLISH ELECTRIC helps to produce, comes much of the world's mounting electrical power. ENGLISH ELECTRIC plays an ever increasing part in generating and distributing electricity and helps the world to put it to good use, not only for better work but also for better living — through ENGLISH ELECTRIC transport, for example, and ENGLISH ELECTRIC domestic appliances and television.

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Child's play to get

CONSTANT HOT WATER

HOT WATER by electricity is simple and clean. One good method is to use an immersion heater, which goes into the hot water tank or cylinder normally heated by a solid fuel boiler. As the heater is actually *in the water*, every bit of its heat is used.

An immersion heater is cheap to buy and it is certainly a most economical means of summer water heating. Just switch on your immersion heater and save your solid fuel for the winter.

All the year round it is most convenient and labour-saving. There is not even any need for you to switch it off. The heat cannot escape and the heater automatically switches itself off when the water reaches the right temperature.

But make sure your immersion heater is properly fitted and the cylinder or tank well lagged—and for this you will need expert advice.

For friendly advice and information, go to your Electricity Showrooms or Service Centre. They will be glad to help you. *They can also let you have details about easy payments—and the new free book, full of useful ideas for saving work,* **ELECTRICITY IN YOUR KITCHEN;** *or write for a copy to E.D.A., 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.*

ELECTRICITY

a Power of Good

Why *MOTHERS* feel

TIRED

The cause may be

IRON-VITAMIN

deficiency—

Because so many extra demands are made on their blood supply, women—especially *mothers*—suffer more than men from lack of IRON. Unfortunately the Iron obtainable from the average diet may not be enough to make up for all the Iron lost periodically as well as during pregnancy and in many other ways. The result is that you feel tired, nervy, breathless, run down and generally out of condition.

IRON ALONE IS NOT ENOUGH

To restore your full health and vigour you *must* put the essential iron back in your blood. But your run-down system needs other help, too. That is why Dr. Cassells Tablets also contain such important ingredients as Copper Sulphate (to enable your body to absorb the iron), Calcium Phosphate (a valuable source of calcium and phosphorus), together with Vitamin B_1 (the energy vitamin) and Caffeine which have a tonic effect on the nervous system. If you are experiencing any of the symptoms listed below Dr. Cassells Tablets will enrich your blood with iron, tone up your whole system, and give you back—as it has done for thousands of others—the healthy energy that makes life worth while.

Photo-micrographs showing (above) normal blood cells, and (below) pale, hypochromic cells from a case of iron-deficiency anaemia. Reproduced from HEMATOLOGY by Prof. Willis M. Fowler, M.D., Department of Internal Medicine, University of Iowa. Published by Paul B. Hoeber, Inc.

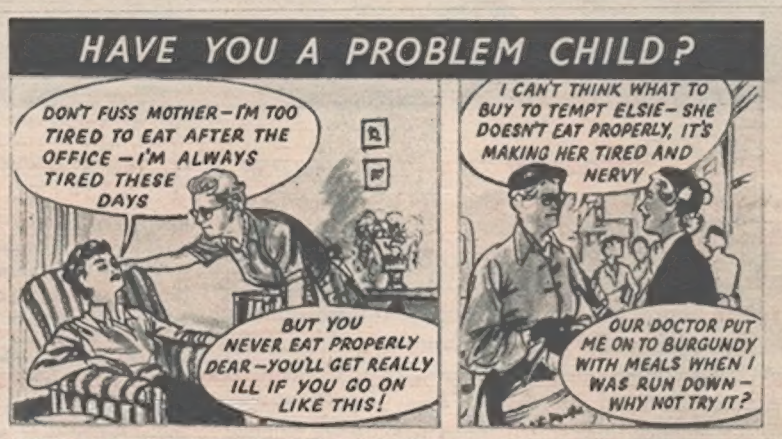
REMARKABLE PROOF **Healthy blood contains between 4,500,000 and 6,300,000 red cells in every cubic millimetre. In a case where the red blood count was down to 3,800,000** ***a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets increased the number to 5,300,000 in 32 days.*** **It is these red blood cells, remember, which contain the vital IRON your system must have to keep you well.**

TAKE **Dr. CASSELLS** **TABLETS *NOW***

for Simple Anæmia · Listlessness · Nervousness · General Debility
Poor Appetite · Frequent Headaches · Constant Fatigue · Irritability
Sleeplessness · Inability to Concentrate · Susceptibility to Infection and Slow Powers of Recovery.

Prices 1/7 & 3/10

HAVE YOU A PROBLEM CHILD?


DON'T FUSS MOTHER—I'M TOO TIRED TO EAT AFTER THE OFFICE—I'M ALWAYS TIRED THESE DAYS
BUT YOU NEVER EAT PROPERLY DEAR—YOU'LL GET REALLY ILL IF YOU GO ON LIKE THIS!
I CAN'T THINK WHAT TO BUY TO TEMPT ELSIE—SHE DOESN'T EAT PROPERLY, IT'S MAKING HER TIRED AND NERVY
OUR DOCTOR PUT ME ON TO BURGUNDY WITH MEALS WHEN I WAS RUN DOWN—WHY NOT TRY IT?

LOTS OF MY CUSTOMERS SWEAR BY KEYSTONE BURGUNDY. IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE, AND THERE'S NOTHING BETTER FOR GIVING AN APPETITE AND DOING YOU ALL-ROUND GOOD
YES, ANOTHER HELPING PLEASE—YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT KEYSTONE
YOU'RE LOOKING PRETTIER TOO, DARLING—SO ALIVE AND FULL OF SPARKLE

when doctor advises burgundy be sure to get

KEYSTONE

AUSTRALIAN BURGUNDY

STILL ONLY 11/6 A FLAGON
5/9 A HALF FLAGON
6d. extra deposit (returnable) on both sizes

Delights the palate,
creates appetite,
makes every meal a banquet

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THE STRANGE LAND

by ***HAMMOND INNES***

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

It was unbelievable. In a matter of seconds, my whole future had been swept away

I FIRST SAW JAN KAVAN when I dragged him unconscious out of the wreck of a yacht on the shore at Tangier. He had sailed from England with the owner, a man called Wade, who had gone overboard in a storm off the coast of Spain.

My name is Philip Latham. There can't be many smugglers who have turned missionary, but that is what I did. My mission was at Enfida, in French Morocco. Kavan, a Czech, had come out to be my doctor.

Two more people were waiting for him. One was Kostos, a Greek racketeer I'd known in the old days. The other was a girl called Karen, who said she was Kavan's wife. She had last seen him in Prague, just before the Communists took over. She seemed beside herself with anxiety about him. . . . Yet, when they met, they did not exchange a single word.

Bit by bit, I got Kavan's story out of him. He had been working as a hush-hush scientist for the British Government. Tortured by threats from Prague—that his wife and father would be arrested if he did not "co-operate"—he had "disappeared" . . . to the job I had offered him.

He seemed half-crazy with fear. He was afraid his wife had been sent from Prague as a decoy: that was why he wouldn't speak to her. He was afraid of the police, for he had left England illegally, and was using Wade's passport. He was afraid of Kostos, who, thinking he was Wade, kept pestering him for "the deeds of Kasbah Foum," and was having us watched.

What Kasbah Foum was, I had no idea, though Kavan obviously knew more than he said. That wasn't my business. Kavan was. I felt responsible for the poor devil: somehow, I had to smuggle him over the border into Morocco without alerting the police. I bribed an airport official to fix his air passage and immigration papers. We arranged to meet in Casablanca. As I walked back from the airfield to my taxi, I saw his plane taking off. . . .

PART 2

To Marrakesh

KAVAN would be through the airfield immigration check and on his way to Casablanca in the Air France bus in little more than an hour—so long as nothing went wrong.

I told the driver to take me back to Tangier

I felt a hand on my shoulder, and Julie was beside me. "You mustn't be too bitter," she said

and I lay back in my seat and closed my eyes.

The next thing I knew we were back in Tangier and a horn was blaring at us. We had stopped at some traffic lights and somebody was gesticulating and shouting to me from a car drawn up alongside. It was Kostos, and he leaned across the Arab he had with him and wound down the window. "Lat'am!" he called across to me. "I like to talk to you. Tell your driver to stop opposite the British Post Office, eh?"

I had a bone to pick with Kostos, too! I paid off the taxi at the B.P.O. Kostos and the Arab were waiting for me on the kerb.

"Now then," I said. "You can hand over that passport."

"The passport?" He smiled at me. "You forget that." He leaned closer to me. "You tell me where Wade is, Lat'am, an' I make it worth your while, eh?"

"He's left Tangier," I told him.

"Left the Zone? Oh, no." He shook his head. "Do not try these childish tricks. He could not have got out. He don't leave till I get what I want."

"And that is the deeds of Kasbah Foum?"

He nodded, watching me closely. "Strictly between you an' me, Lat'am, I trade the papers for his passport. You tell him."

"How do you know he's got them?"

He took hold of my arm. "We cannot talk 'ere. You come to the Café Normandie and have a drink with me, eh?"

"All right," I said.

He nodded towards the Arab, who was about thirty, tall and well built, but carrying a little too much flesh under his *djellaba*. "This is Si Ali bel-Caid El Hassan d'Es-Skhira."

Ali d'Es-Skhira! So this was the powerful fanatic the French had deported from Morocco.

As we walked through the teeming streets of the city, I soon realized that Kavan was a changed

He had turned towards me at the mention of the name, and now that I could see his face, I realized that he was Berber, not Arab. His features were long and pale like a European's, with prominent cheek bones and a high-bridged, aquiline nose. It would have been a fine face but for the cruelty of the mouth and a slight craftiness of the eyes.

"Are you from the Atlas?" I asked him in French.

"From the Anti-Atlas. My father is Caid of Kasbah Foum-Skhira."

"Poor fellow, he is an exile, you see." Kostos tightened his grip on my arm with unpleasant familiarity and led me to one of the pavement tables of the Café Normandie, where he ordered two cognacs and a coffee for Ali.

When the drinks arrived, he leaned towards me across the table. "Lat'am, this is serious business. I tell you, you don't know how serious. Ali means to have those papers. Wade can never get out of Tangier."

I said: "He hasn't got the papers you want."

"Then what is your interest in him?" His eyes were small and hard. "Now come, Lat'am, 'ow much you want?"

I said, slowly: "It might help if I knew something about Kasbah Foum."

"Ah, I understand. You wish to know what these papers are worth to us, eh?" Kostos smiled. "All right, I tell you. Ali——" he turned to the Berber and spoke quickly in French, explaining what had been said.

Ali nodded. "Kasbah Foum is part of the land that will come to me when my father, Allah preserve him, is dead," he said, speaking directly to me. "It is our own land, you understand, not collective land belonging to the tribe. But when the French come into the south of Morocco my father is forced to surrender Kasbah Foum to them. A Capitaine Marcel Duprez demand it of him as a personal gift. Now Duprez is dead and my people need that land because the trees are dying of some pest in the *palmerie* of Foum-Skhira. The date crop has failed and there is little food. But at Kasbah Foum there is water. New trees could be planted and the land tilled."

"The place is of no real value," Kostos cut in quickly.

"*C'est ça.*" Ali nodded. "It is about a thousand hectares of land, mostly mountain, and there is a *kasbah*, an old mud fort, at the entrance to a gorge. It is of no value, except to my father's people."

I looked across at Kostos. "Suppose you tell me the truth," I said, reverting to English.

The Greek's eyes narrowed. "You think we lie to you? I tell you, this is a political matter, Lat'am. Very dangerous." He leaned towards me across the table. "You an' I, we understand each other, eh? You get Wade to hand over those papers an' there is hundred thousand francs for you. Understand?"

"It's no good," I said. "He's out of the Zone now."

He gave me a long look. "Think it over." He nodded to Ali, and the two of them got to their feet. I watched them drive past. Kostos was staring at me, hard faced and angry. Then they were gone, swallowed up in the whirl of traffic in the place de France, and I sat there, smoking a cigarette, while dusk descended on Tangier and the lights came on in the shops.

At last I picked up my suitcase and went across to a French restaurant and had some food, and after that I walked down to the station and joined the queue waiting in the booking hall to go through the passport check.

The minutes ticked slowly by on the station clock and the queue moved forward only a pace at a time. At last I could see the face of one of the passport officials framed in the oval of the hatch. And then a hand plucked at my arm and I turned, startled, thinking it was Kostos or perhaps the police to say that Kavan had been stopped at Casa.

Instead, I found Karen Kavan's grey eyes looking up at me. "I'm so glad I found you." Her voice was breathless with relief. "I was afraid I might miss you——"

"How did you know where to find me?" I asked.

"I telephoned to your hotel. Then I try Cook's, just in case. I wanted to know——"

"It's all right," I said. "He left for Casablanca by plane this afternoon."

"Oh." She closed her eyes momentarily. "Oh, thank God. I was so afraid. I thought perhaps the police. . . ."

"Please don't worry." I gave her my address and explained that her husband would be working as a doctor at the mission. "You'll always be welcome there," I added. "When you're ready to come to him, you've only to let me know. How long have you been in Tangier?"

"Just two weeks now. I am working as governess for an American family."

Just two weeks! It was an odd coincidence. "Straight from Czechoslovakia?"

"No. From the American Zone of Austria."

And then her eyes widened as she understood the drift of my questions. "Surely Jan doesn't think I am here because they——" She stopped there and then added quickly, "Please. You must explain to him that I received his message and that is why I am here." Her voice was desperately urgent. "I escaped across the border

man. He looked round, his eyes open wide with pleasure. "It's wonderful," he said. "Wonderful"

into Upper Austria on skis. You must explain to him——"

"Of course I will," I said. "Write to me at——"

"*Señor! Deprisa, deprisa, señor!*" It was the passport officer telling me to hurry. I handed him my passport and went through the barrier to the next batch where I got the necessary forms. I turned to speak to Karen again. A whistle shrilled. A voice called "*En voiture! En voiture!*" There was the sound of running feet. "Give Jan my love," she called to me.

"I will. He will be expecting you. . . ." A blast of steam cut short my words and I had to run to the train.

My last memory of Tangier was Karen's small, pale face staring after me, her hand fluttering as she waved.

At Ksar el Kebir there is a long wait. It's the frontier station between Spanish and French Morocco. I hung about in the cool night air until the frontier police returned my passport and then I went to bed.

When I woke, it was daylight. The country was flat and there were glimpses of the sea through the ragged ribbon of factory buildings that lined the coast. We were approaching Casablanca station.

I rubbed the condensation from the window and peered at the people standing on the half-deserted platform, suddenly fearful that Kavan might not be there. But as the train jerked to a halt, I saw him a little farther down, standing alone beside some crates of oranges.

He saw me as soon as I got off the train, and he rushed over to me and seized hold of my hand, pumping it up and down. He was bubbling over with excitement. "It is wonderful! Wonderful! Here I am in Morocco. My new country! My new life!" His hand gripped my shoulder. "I shall always be grateful. Always."

"Wait till you've walked twenty miles in the mountains," I said, "and attended dozens of children half blind with trachoma."

"You think I can't start my life again? I tell you I can. I'm tough. I have a stake in this country now. I shall learn Arabic and soon I shall be more Moroccan than the Moors." He laughed and then stopped abruptly and said, "Did you see Karen?"

"Yes." I told him how she had met me.

He made me repeat everything she had said, and when I had finished, he stood there with bowed head, and then gave a little awkward laugh that was near to a sob. "You know, it is hard to believe that you have actually heard her voice. You're the first person to give me actual words she has spoken in all these four years." He cleared his throat. "Come on. Let's get some breakfast."

The difference in the man was extraordinary. His mind looked forward now, not backwards, and he was no longer frightened.

We had barely settled down to our breakfast in a nearby café when he looked at me with some embarrassment. "There is something I must tell you," he said. "Something I have been—not quite frank about."

"Would it concern a place called Kasbah Foum?" I said.

"You know then?"

"Some of it."

He pulled a map from his pocket, avoiding my eyes. "I have to go there." It was Michelin Map No. 171, covering the area of Marrakesh and south to the Sahara. "I got it last night," he said. "But it doesn't mark Kasbah Foum."

"I think you'd better forget all about Kasbah Foum."

He looked up sharply.

"I had a meeting with Kostos and Ali d'Es-Skhira," I said.

"You mean you actually met Ali d'Es-Skhira?" He was suddenly excited. "What was he like? What happened? What did they say?"

To satisfy him I gave a brief summary of that meeting in the boulevard Pasteur. When I had finished he asked, "What do you think Kostos will do when he finds I've disappeared?"

"I don't know," I said shortly. "Nothing, probably."

"Yes, he must do something. Ali, anyway. I think they'll go straight to Foum-Skhira. Look. Here is Foum-Skhira." He twisted the map round for me to see, pointing to a spot about a hundred and fifty miles south-west of Marrakesh. "Kasbah Foum will be quite near it, I imagine."

"Now just listen to me," I said, pushing the map aside angrily. "You're not Wade any longer. You're Jan Kavan again, and you've got quite enough worries without getting involved in another man's affairs."

"But if Kostos follows me——"

"Kostos thinks you are Wade. That's the only reason he's interested in you. Now just try and understand—you're coming with me to Enfida to act as mission doctor. This Kasbah Foum is a dangerous political business that has nothing to do with you."

He nodded slowly. "Yes, of course, I understand." He folded the map up, but his eyes kept straying towards it as we ate our food in silence, and when we were on the train and steaming out of Casablanca, he opened it up again and sat with it spread out on his knees.

I drowsed off. When I woke we were running out of the Djebilet Hills, down into the flat plain of Marrakesh, and there, ahead of us, were the Atlas Mountains.

An hour later we were swallowed up in the dusty hubbub of the great, red-walled Berber city. We went to the bank and then found a cheap little French hotel in the rue Bab Agueneaou.

In the late afternoon I took Jan to the rooftop of the Café de France. The place was full of tourists, rich people from all over the world who had come to drink mint tea on that roof and watch the sky flare to Technicolor and to look down on the seething acres of tribesmen packed into the great square of the Djemaa el Fna. The tide of humanity ebbed and flowed out of the narrow, covered alleys of the *souks*, the street markets, and the noise of it came up to us in a steady roar of sound.

It was evening now and the flat, white rooftops and the red walls and the graceful tower of the Katoubia were flushed with the pink of the sunset and all the sky was an incredible spectrum of pastel shades. Away to the south the Atlas Mountains glistened like sugar icing, a towering rampart of fairy beauty.

"And that's where we're going?" Jan asked. He was staring towards the mountains.

I nodded.

"It's unbelievable," he murmured. "Marcel described all this to me so often. And now I am really here——"

"Marcel?"

He glanced at me quickly. "A man I met during the war." He turned back towards the mountains and then added, "It was when I was working with Krupps. I was on secret work and I was getting information out to the British. He'd lived out here and he talked of nothing but this country and the people. He was a fine man." He paused and then added, "He died of pneumonia in a cellar in Essen. I was sorry when he

Bilvidic leant forward. "This man's definitely Kavan?" My palms were sweating. "Yes," I said

went . . . . And now I am here. It doesn't seem possible."

I was used to Marrakesh now, but I could remember how I had felt when I first saw it. There were thousands of people down there; people from all over South Morocco—from the desert and the *palmeries* and from the most inaccessible villages of the Atlas. They crowded in circles round the story-tellers and the snake charmers and the troupes of dancers, or wandered hand-in-hand among the booths of doctors and barbers and letter-writers. Among them moved the water-boys, festooned with brass cups, their bells ringing an insistent water-note of sound. It was a shifting pattern of colour that sent up a continuous, inhuman roar.

"It's wonderful," Jan breathed. "Wonderful. Karen will love it."

I laughed. "The glamour of it doesn't last," I said. "Not when you discover the poverty and disease and inert stupidity that lies behind it all."

It was, all the same, a city of fascination, and Kavan walked around with open-eyed wonder and pleasure, through the streets and the crowded *souks*.

Later we ate and went to bed, and next morning caught the Enfida bus. I didn't talk to Kavan on that two-hour journey out to Enfida. I had my own problems. I hadn't given much thought to the mission while I had been in Tangier. Now I needed to plan.

There was the surgery to organize and people I wanted to see—people who had been sick or had suffered from misfortune, like Yakoub at the olive factory who had lost his little son. I had hardly got these matters sorted out in my mind before the bus was climbing up out of the plain to the fringe of the foothills and we had come to the first of the olive plantations.

Everything looked very wet. There were pools of water steaming in the sunshine and the roadway itself was creamed with mud.

"There's been a lot of rain up here," Jan said.

I nodded, remembering reading something about flooding in the papers.

"Have you had somebody looking after the mission while you've been away?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "Two English people—a painter named George Corrigan and his sister, Julie. I think you'll like them. They run an old single-decker bus which they converted into a caravan. They've been touring Morocco in it."

We had turned up into Enfida now and a moment later we drew up at the bus stop behind a truck piled high with a load of black olives going down to the press. There was a little crowd standing in the mud waiting for the bus, and the rushing sound of the river flooding under the bridge filled the town.

Yakoub, the man who had lost his little son, was standing talking to the driver of the olive truck, his woolly cap and ragged *djellaba* black and stiff with the rancid oil of the press.

"*S-salaam aleikum!*" I called to him, but he didn't answer. And when I went up to him, he seemed ill-at-ease and refused to look me in the face.

"What's the trouble?" I asked him.

He moved his shoulders awkwardly and mumbled something about the wrath of Allah being terrible.

"What is it?" I said. "What's happened?"

"It is the mountain, *sidi*," he murmured. "It has fallen into the valley. It has fallen upon the *dar el mish'n*."

"What's he saying?" Jan asked me.

"Something about the mission." Yakoub had turned away now. The people by the bus were all watching me. Something was very wrong. . . . "We'd better get up there right away," I said.

We began walking up towards the open space by the Auberge de la Ravine, where the track into the mountains started.

The air was heavy with the humid heat of the steaming mud and the river roared in a brown flood under the bridge. A feeling of disaster hung over the place.

We came out above the olive trees on to the hillside and everything looked quiet and peaceful in the midday sun. The slope of the ground ahead screened the mission, but soon I could see the creamy white of the Corrigans' caravan parked in an olive grove down to the left; and then I breasted a rise and all the hillside above the mission came suddenly into view, and I stopped.

Above the road there was a great, raw gash of newly exposed rock and rubble. It ran from the very top of the sheer hill-slope, broadening out as it swept down and disappeared beyond the next rise of the road. I stood there, my chest heaving, my whole body seeming suddenly paralysed at what I saw. It was a landslide, and I was rooted to the spot by fear of what I should find when I topped the final rise.

Jan joined me. He didn't say anything, but just stood there beside me, breathing heavily. There was nothing to be said. I started forward again, slowly now, reluctantly. And then we were over the rise

The mission had vanished. I stood there, stupefied. Where the olive trees had stood and the children's playground and the stables I had built for sick donkeys, there was nothing—nothing but red earth and tumbled rock.

The landslide had swept over it all, obliterating five years' work and all my hopes.

Not a tree, not a stone, not a single vestige of the place. Every single thing completely and utterly vanished below that ghastly, piled-up chaos of broken hillside.

Jan touched my arm. "It's no good looking at it," he said quietly. "Better come down to the *auberge* and have a drink."

In a daze, I turned and walked slowly down with Jan to the inn.

And that was where we met Julie, by the piled-up heaps of olives in the open space by the inn. She came towards us, walking slowly, her black hair hanging limp, her face white and strained.

"I was hoping to catch you before you went up there, to break it to you gently." Her voice sounded flat and lifeless.

"When did it happen?"

"Two days ago; just after three o'clock in the afternoon."

"Thank God you weren't in the house," I said. "Where were you? Did you see it?"

She nodded, her lip trembling. She was suddenly on the verge of tears. "I was at the caravan, turning out a drawer. George . . . George was doing a painting of the house. He was sitting at his easel down near the donkey stable. It was to be a surprise for you, Philip. A welcome-home present. And then. . . ." She closed her eyes and shook her head, the tears welling slowly, uncontrollably, from between her tight-pressed eyelids.

"You mean—George?" I was too horrified to move.

She nodded slowly. "He was there—just below the house. I saw him." She opened her eyes, staring at me. "There was a sort of rumble . . . like thunder. I went to the door. I thought it might be another heavy downpour and I had some washing out. But it was clear and sunny. I heard George shout, and then he began to run and I looked up and saw the whole hillside pouring down. I couldn't run. I just stood there and saw the first wave of rocks pour over the roadway, down on to the house and then . . . then George fell and the whole ghastly landslide rolled over him . . . Philip, it was horrible. He was shouting to me and I couldn't help him. And then it hit him and . . . and suddenly he wasn't there any more."

She was suddenly clinging to me, sobbing hysterically, and all I could do was stroke her head the way you do to a sick animal.

Gradually she stopped trembling and her grip on my arm relaxed. "I'm sorry." Her voice was steadier, more controlled. "I should have got used to it by now." She straightened up and dried her eyes. "It was just that there was nobody. . . ." She blew her nose hard. "Ever since it happened I've just felt screwed up tight inside." She shook her head as though

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TIO AND THE NEGLECTED WIFE

by ***BURNHAM CARTER***

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

No wife likes to be ignored. Some accept it. Others, like Amelia, take action

A STRANGER ARRIVING at the Café Mosca in Havana would attract little attention on his first visit, but if he came a second time, the steady customers would scrutinize him more closely. The clientèle of the Mosca, consisting of prominent members of Havana's underworld, tended to be exclusive.

Tio Martinez, the slender and urbane proprietor of the café, was aware of this prejudice and could be counted upon to investigate a newcomer's connections, when necessary.

On this occasion, the visitor was an American, which was unusual, since the Mosca was too modest an establishment to attract tourists. He was sitting at one of the little marble-topped tables, drinking coffee—a small man, with a shrewd, closed face and blue eyes, dressed in a well-tailored, grey worsted suit with a green-striped tie and shiny black shoes.

From behind the long bar, Tio, a natty dresser himself, approved the attire. He was planning to begin a conversation, when the American finished his coffee and came to the bar, remarking in hesitant Spanish: "You are Tio Martinez?"

"It is my humble claim," Tio acknowledged.

"A friend of yours sent me—George Brooks, of Key West and Miami."

Some years ago, Tio and George Brooks had enjoyed a profitable association. Latterly, their communications had been infrequent. Tio inquired after George's present location.

"The government has provided him with free board and lodging," the stranger said. "He did well in Miami—a thriving slot-machine business—but he neglected to report it all on his income-tax return."

The American unfolded his wallet on the counter, displaying a card which read:

ALBERT SCOON
United States Secret Service

Tio's face showed only an admiring smile. "You are a person of much importance," he said.

Mr. Scoon's eyes flicked at Tio coldly; apparently he was not a man to be flattered. "There is something I should like to discuss with you," he said. "Something which might be helpful to us both. Could we meet sometime? Tomorrow, perhaps?"

It was clearly desirable to know more about Mr. Scoon's purposes in Havana, and Tio agreed to the engagement. The date was set for the

Tio listened, puffing his cigarette. "The girls are charming," said Mr. Scoon, "but I haven't come here for that. Someone is making counterfeit money"

next morning, at ten thirty in the Café of the Little Nine.

"In the meantime let us not mention my presence here," Mr. Scoon advised, with a return of his ocular frigidity.

"As you wish, señor," Tio said.

Shortly before the appointed hour, Tio approached his wife, the plump and pretty Amelia, who was standing behind the cash register arguing about the breakfast bill with Bobo Madero, a customs inspector, to whom the least centavo was an object of deep affection.

"Is it a three or five?" Bobo was inquiring.

"Eek!" exclaimed Amelia, jumping. She added hastily, at Bobo's surprised expression: "It is a three, señor."

He paid, much relieved, and waddled off, and Amelia turned indignantly upon her husband. "It was a five, but you rattled me," she scolded. "I have told you before; a gentleman pinches privately."

"I was overcome," Tio said; "and besides, I am about to leave you, Little Flower."

"Well, you can pay me the two pesetas. And kindly be back by the rush period at lunch time."

"Each minute I spend away from you seems like an hour."

"It often *is* an hour," Amelia replied. "Eek!"

Tio departed cheerfully.

OVER coffee at the Café of the Little Nine, Mr. Scoon paid some tributes to the pleasant Cuban climate, the beauty of Havana, and the charms of its girls. "But, alas, I am not here for these reasons," he declared, "but strictly on business. I have been informed that an American has recently moved here to make money."

"I wish him all success," Tio said cordially.

"I mean, counterfeit money. American ten-dollar bills. He has set up his shop somewhere in Havana. Whether he works with anyone else, I do not know, but most likely he distributes through some group in Miami. I want to find out about him."

"You will find the police eager to cooperate," Tio assured him.

"In this matter," Mr. Scoon said, "I prefer not to consult them." He made a delicate gesture with his hand. "Let us put it down to national pride. . . . I am told that you are well informed about Havana's underworld. For any useful information about this man I will pay generously—not less than a hundred dollars, and more if warranted."

It was one of those propositions which should involve no risk, even if it failed; and since Tio would be on the side of law and order, Amelia, who strongly preferred that alignment, could not object.

"The money is incidental," Tio said, "but if I can be of service to your great country, señor. . . ." He encountered the frozen blue of Mr. Scoon's eyes and abandoned the theme.

"Suppose we meet here the evening after next," Mr. Scoon said.

It was agreed, and Tio strolled home through the sociable streets of Havana, with the sunlight like a friendly arm across his shoulders.

It was nearly noon, and he was crossing the Park of Brotherhood, planning to be home at the lunch hour, as Amelia had requested, when he saw Bobo Madero, the customs inspector, seated on a park bench.

Bobo was an expert practitioner of the double-take; he not only augmented his small salary by accepting money for overlooking certain import and export regulations, but often doubled the profit by informing other authorities, Cuban or American, of the infraction. Tio would ordinarily have passed him by, but Bobo's knowledge of who came and went through the port of Havana was exceptional. Bobo's fat, sly face was tilted hopefully towards a window in the hotel across the street.

"I see I find you deep in thought," Tio said, sitting down beside him on the bench.

"Yesterday she got up at just this hour," Bobo said. "An American girl, by her sunburn. Ah, what a people!"

Tio seized this opening to introduce his inquiry. "I hear there are many tourists this season," he said. "Even including an American who has come here to make counterfeit money."

"What a pity, when there are so many fine careers," Bobo said.

"If there were such an American you would know of him," Tio persisted.

"Yes, it is true," said Bobo, who did not like to admit ignorance on any subject. "Our gallant police are much aroused about the matter. We are now checking the port entries for the past two weeks."

"By now, he will have vanished among the million people of Havana."

"Ah, but it is not so easy, my friend. It takes only a small slip to set the finger pointing. Two days ago someone bought a bag of coffee at the central market and paid for it with a new American ten-dollar bill. That was a mistake. Such a bill is not often seen at the market, and the stallholder was afraid of it. He took it to the bank, and it was counterfeit. But tell me—what does this American counterfeiter matter to you?"

Tio shrugged. "It was only the gossip of the café," he said.

He returned to the Mosca, which by now was well filled. Amelia was not only acting as cashier, but also serving the tables with the assistance of Pepe, her brother, a man of large heart and small mind. Her black eyes snapped with indignation at her husband.

Tio took refuge in the industrious performance of his duties. This evasion might have worked, but it became, through subsequent events, Count One in an indictment against him. . . .

Amelia was on the point of forgetting his neglect by late afternoon, especially in the excitement of a new dress for evening—a black Shantung silk, with half sleeves and a V-neck, a successful compromise between the alluring and the useful.

Thus winsomely arrayed, she had joined Tio at the counter a little self-consciously. When Tio noticed nothing at all, her self-consciousness turned to a sense of injury. She was first to bed, after the café closed, and her silent figure, curled rigidly at the edge of the mattress, was a symbol of protest which any husband should recognize.

But Tio did not recognize it, and Count Two was entered into the indictment.

COUNT THREE came the next day. She had gone early—about 6 a.m.—to the Mercado Unico, Havana's vast and teeming central market. She had bought her supplies and arranged for their delivery, and was standing at the kerb, hoping to find a taxi, when a car swung up, and from the rear seat a hand opened a door for her. Behind the hand was the smooth, handsome face, the broad shoulders of Captain Raoul Molina of the Cuban Secret Police, an old acquaintance.

"Welcome, señora," the captain greeted her. "Let me take you wherever you wish to go."

"I should not interrupt your official duties, Captain," Amelia said, stepping inside, none the less. "I am returning to the Café Mosca."

"Take a roundabout route," Molina ordered the driver. His bold eyes rested on Amelia's buxom figure. He had first met her through Tio, whose extra-legal activities before marriage had occasionally engaged his attention. He had entertained an ardent admiration for her from the start, but, as yet, he had been unable to express it in the manner he preferred.

"I would hardly expect to find you at the market," Amelia said.

"We were looking for someone who did not come."

"Aren't we all?" Amelia responded with a coquettish smile—she was still smarting from the failure of the black silk dress.

Tio stood with his back to the sofa, waiting

The captain laughed and moved closer. "I have something to ask you, señora," he said. "The patrons of your restaurant have many contacts in the field in which I operate. I wonder if you could find out something for me."

"We are always glad to assist the police, Captain."

"Yes, I know. There is an American counterfeiter in Havana. I am willing to pay five hundred dollars for any helpful information."

"That is always an attraction."

"Why not let it be a surprise to Tio?" Molina said with a bland smile. "Perhaps you could come to my office tomorrow evening."

Even in her present mood, Amelia had no intention of keeping this from Tio. She was indeed full of her story when she returned to

and he saw a dark figure coming towards him. Then he caught the gleam of a knife. He moved now for the first time, his arms outstretched, ready

to the air. He had not moved at all for several hours.

He was trying to think clearly about the part he could not tell. Sometimes his eyes would stray towards the other mat and he would touch the crucifix with his free hand. But that was all. He did not say the prayers they had taught him at the mission. He was no longer sure that he should. He knew only that he was doing right by earthly standards. The celestial aftermath would have to take care of itself. It was not the motives of these men he despised, he told himself, as much as their methods. His own behaviour had not always been above reproach. He had pilfered but never pillaged, killed but never murdered. That was the difference.

SMALL noises seemed to come from everywhere, but he knew the power of imagination was strong, and this was only the first night. Perhaps they would not strike yet, though he thought it likely that the party assigned to the raid at Reid's plantation would now be sent to avenge its postponement. Certainly word would have reached them. The officer was right. Spies were everywhere.

The hut was dark as black velvet is dark, without reflection. The smooth hasp of the spear felt comforting to his hand. But he knew that he might yet choose not to use the spear. . . .

Outside, a twig snapped like a gunshot. He did not move, knowing the night and the waiting amplified the sound to the proportions of danger; knowing that it was only a small twig such as an animal might snap, only a small sound. Then there came a *slithering,* such as a snake might make in the undergrowth, and his hand tightened instinctively on the spear. The twig, he was thinking, had meaning after all. They know I will have heard the twig break, so now they will hurry.

He moved then to the spot he had already chosen in the centre of the floor. He did not want to die in a corner. He sat on the cool, packed earth, not bothering to drag the mat to the new position. He waited, listening.

The sound came again, from a different direction; the sound of a body slithering nearer on its belly. To his practised ears it was clumsier than before, made by a heavier body. Then yet again, from a new direction it came, light now and less cautious; familiar, too, as a pupil's recitation to the teacher. He glanced at the other mat. Then, without changing his position, he flung the spear down.

He had known all the time it would be like this.

PRESENTLY a narrow edge of indigo light outlined the upper part of the doorway. He could feel, but not hear, the gentle pressure of the scout's hand against the wood, feel it as strongly as a physical touch. He knew then that the time was near.

He did not move. He sat cross-legged in the centre of the hut, his hands not touching the crucifix yet, watching the line of light widen, then slowly, imperceptibly, lessen. Then the door was without outline again and he knew sharp ears had been listening to breathing he had not troubled to control.

From nearby came the strident coughing

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GAY ADVENTURE (3) *by VIC OLIVER*

I bluff my way to the top of the bill

The slick, rip-roaring U.S.A. seemed to be no place for a musical ex-aristocrat—until Vic took a gamble that made show people gasp

ON DECEMBER 1, 1922, my wife Elizabeth and I landed in New York and took a room at the expensive Commodore Hotel. We had escaped to France from a Vienna torn by revolution by buying a forged Rumanian passport. Our hard times in France, however, convinced us that America was the land of promise, and we arrived in New York with tourist visas.

But after a week at the Commodore we realized that our money was rapidly running out and moved to a cheaper hotel. A week later, we moved yet again to a small flat. I now began to think seriously of finding work.

My first idea was to look up a business friend of Father's who had once lightly promised that he would do anything for us if we ever came to America. He gave us lunch and charmingly showed us the door.

I then went to see Charles B. Dillingham, who, after Ziegfeld, was the greatest producer of musical shows in America. He was ready to help—but this time my own pride asserted itself. Dillingham had known me before the war when I was a wealthy young man with my own coachman and valet. After he had entertained us as equals, I could hardly ask for charity.

By now, we were extremely short of money. We had no more contacts in America and since we had deceived Father into thinking that I was going to a well-paid job in a bank, we could not send home for money. For some days, I tried unsuccessfully to get a job as a straight musician. Finally, in desperation, I went to Luigi.

Agent Lurked In Dingy Office

Luigi was an agent of sorts. A squat, cigar-smoking Italian who lurked like a spider in a filthy office off Broadway, he imagined himself to be the biggest big-shot in American show business. "Jobs come in by phone," he explained as he doodled on a grubby blotter. "Sit in the pool-room and when one comes to suit you, I'll give you a call."

The pool-room, separated from Luigi's office only by a three-ply partition, was lined with benches crammed with down-and-out musicians waiting for jobs. For the first day, I waited with the rest. A few men were called, but not I. Then I happened to notice that Luigi and Fred, the Swedish bouncer, were good friends, and as it has always been my belief that "pull" is useful in any business, I decided that playing Fred and losing might prove a good investment. I was right. In the first week, I lost thirty-five dollars to Fred. At the beginning of the second, Luigi called me into his office.

"Spot for a piano-player in a Greenwich Village night-club," he said, scribbling down the address. "Don't let me down."

"Who Is It?" Rasped A Voice

At ten thirty that night, I took the elevated railway to Greenwich Village. The address was a gloomy, barn-like house with a heavily bolted door. I knocked timidly. A grill opened at eye-level. "Who is it?" rasped a voice.

"I'm the new pianist—from Luigi."

A bolt shot smoothly back and a commissionaire let me into a long entrance-hall, illuminated with red lamps. From inside, there came a cacophony of giggles, screams and excited conversation. The commissionaire looked me up and down. "You're the pianist for *tonight*!" he sneered.

"Don't you want me every night?" I asked.

"The pianists who come here," he said, "only last one night."

He then led me into the very long, narrow room from which the noise was coming. The smoke was so thick that at first I failed to notice

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On the road to fame in 1929. With his remaining dollars, Vic bought new clothes, a limousine, hired a chauffeur, and set out for Broadway

Vic's biggest hit before stardom was at New York's Palace Theatre. "I begged my friends to come to the first night—my act stopped the show"

the piano standing halfway down one side. At little tables, scantily clad girls sat with bleary-eyed men swigging illicit drink. For a few moments, I stood flabbergasted. The smoke blinded me. The noise deafened me. This was unlike any night-club I had ever been in.

A man who called himself the head waiter came up. "Start playing," he said. "This place is dull. Let's get some gaiety into it."

I tried a Viennese waltz. The head waiter came storming back. "You can do better than that," he shouted. "We want the good old songs of the Bowery."

Remembering what I could from my jazz-drumming days, I switched to "St: Louis Blues," "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and "Yip-I-Addy-I-Ay." Surprisingly, the place did seem a little gayer and there was soon a continuous chink of silver dollars into the plate on top of the piano. From time to time, the girls would leave their tables, chat with me and run their fingers through my hair.

The next few hours were the nearest approach to hell I have ever suffered. The head waiter kept me playing continuously. The girls kept pestering me. The drunks kept breathing whisky over me and spilling gin down my neck. I had soon gathered that the place was an illegal drinking den (Prohibition was in force at the time) and that the girls were hostesses who lured in the men. They were paid commission on the drinks they persuaded the men to buy.

At 6 a.m., with bruised and bloody fingers, I staggered home. Financially, it had been a highly successful "evening." I received no salary, but I had made thirty-two dollars in tips and a further twelve dollars commission on the drinks that clients had bought me.

After five nights, I could stand the "night-club" no longer, but I was afraid of confessing failure to Luigi. Fortunately, I remembered a saxophone I had bought some time before in the hopes of getting a job as a saxophonist. Luigi himself had been a saxophone-player, so I took it along to his office.

"Look at these," I said, holding out my cracked and discoloured fingers. "I can't go to that place any more."

Luigi scowled. "What's-a-matter? You want pity?"

I unwrapped the saxophone. "For you, Luigi. If you don't want to play it, you can always sell it for five or ten dollars."

His face cracked into a smile. "Gee, thanks, Vic." He was like a child with a new toy. "Maybe I can put you in another job." He scribbled another address on a scrap of paper. "I can see you're a man with education," he said. "This job's got class."

This time, I lasted a week. Then I quarrelled with the proprietress of the place where I played the piano. She ordered me to apologize or get out. I got out.

Waited For His Third Chance

Luigi was furious that I had lost a second job. "You're ruining my reputation," he stormed. "I'm interested in successes, not failures." For ten or twelve days, I sat around the pool-room waiting for something to turn up. One day I heard Luigi's voice rasping from his office: "Say Viccy, can you read music?"

I was already on my way in to him. "Very well indeed," I said.

"Like to accompany a tenor?" said Luigi. It was the job I had always wanted.

That same afternoon, I met the singer in a publisher's rehearsal-room. Unfortunately, I was so nervous that I stumbled repeatedly in simple accompaniments. He was soon exasperated. "I play the big theatres," he snapped, "and I can't have anyone like you spoiling my act. You're fired." I needed the money. "Give me one more chance," I pleaded, "and I'll practise your songs at home."

At the second meeting, the tenor engaged me. By a stroke of luck, I found a pawnbroker who offered to hire me a dress suit on the security of two or three gold trinkets that still survived. I spent the last of my money on a little make-up, a dress shirt and a stiff collar.

"I Looked Like A Red Indian"

The first night nearly ended in disaster. To start with, I had never made-up before and succeeded in making myself look like a Red Indian. Secondly, I had a bad attack of nerves and fluffed many notes. Thirdly, the audience received the tenor in dead silence. When he came off, he decided to blame his failure on me. He was about to sack me once again when I came out with my hard luck story. The second night I played his songs perfectly—but he was still a flop.

By the end of the week, my dress shirt was becoming dirty and dog-eared. Elizabeth could not wash it, and I had nothing to wear if I sent it to the laundry. My only hope was to last until pay-day.

Unfortunately, we were playing in Hoboken, New Jersey, the tough German district on the other side of the Hudson from New York. On Friday night, the audience suddenly decided to get nasty. The tenor had uttered only the first two notes of "Thank God For A Garden," when a barrage of boos and cat-calls went up, and someone threw a tomato.

His aim was bad and, instead of hitting the tenor, it struck me on my one and only shirt. I played the second house with my back to the audience.

For seven weeks, the tenor employed me. After that, he didn't get enough work to keep

even himself. Disconsolate, I went back to Luigi, but even though I primed him with cigars and lost regularly to Fred, I knew he regarded me as a failure. For weeks, I sat around the pool-room, talking to the other musicians. It was thus that I met eight workless jazz men from Arkansas.

One day, there being no other pianist available, Luigi sent me to a low roadhouse in Westchester. I ran through a few waltzes and preludes but the proprietor stopped me. "That stuff's no good," he snarled. "Can't you play jazz?"

"Not very well," I said. But I remembered the jazz group from Arkansas. If I got them a job at this bar, perhaps Luigi would be better disposed towards me.

Next day, I brought the jazz men over. The proprietor was delighted. Having nothing better to do, I sat and watched. It suddenly came to me that I could soon learn to be a jazz pianist and lead this group. I made an agreement with them. Next day, I canvassed a few agents I had come to know and secured a number of engagements.

The new combination was called "The Nine Knights of Jazz" and after a short time, we engaged a girl singer and a dancer. It was a hard life. We played whatever dates we could get—tiny theatres, village halls, low bars. We often slept five in a room to save money. In one makeshift theatre, we had to change in a large coalbin used in winter for its intended purpose. By the end of the day we looked like nigger minstrels. In another hall, men and girls had to change in one dressing-room divided only by a holed and threadbare curtain. Whenever we wanted to make more than a superficial change, we had to shout: "Turn your backs, please, girls."

It was only after travelling with them for three months that I learned that the other Knights were completely unable to read music. This led to many complications and lost us many jobs. We had been a great success at one café when the Greek proprietor burst into our rehearsal one morning with the request that we should play "Down Memory Lane" for his wife's birthday that night. "Don't worry," he added. "I've bought a complete set of band-parts. They're at home now, but I'll let you have them this evening."

As promised, he handed round the music and when his wife came in, he nodded vigorously at the band. I started to play and the saxophonist—who had the knack of picking up a tune almost instantaneously—joined me. The others were silent. The romantic moment was blasted to parody. When I later explained our predicament to the exasperated Greek, he asked: "Then you no be able to play for our New Year's Eve cabaret?"

"Not unless I have the music well in advance to teach the band," I admitted.

"Out," he said. "I no want damn cheats."

Confessed To Vic's Father

As we only worked a total of something like fourteen weeks a year, the loss of an engagement was pretty serious. For myself, I filled in free time with other work—a little conducting and song arrangement. Generally speaking, however, I was not making as much money as I had expected, and Elizabeth was becoming more and more discontented.

We were unable to ask Father for money because we were still telling him that I had a good job in a bank. As I left the flat to go on tour one day, Elizabeth said: "I'll get a job. Perhaps that will help." Instead of doing so, however, she wrote a letter to Father, exposing our lies.

The letter Father wrote me was a model of paternal forgiveness. He started by saying that I should be thankful I had such an honest wife and that I was not to be angry with her for telling the truth. He was sorry I had deceived him, but if we cared to return to Vienna, he would send us two tickets and reinstate me in the textile business.

I am ashamed to say that when I returned from the tour, I turned viciously on Elizabeth and accused her of being a coward. She wired Father that I wanted to stay in America but that she would accept his offer, and when I returned from my next tour, I found her gone. In an agony of remorse, I wrote to apologize for abusing her, but I reaffirmed my determination to make a new life for myself without Father's help.

Marriage Ended In Divorce

A year or so later, she wrote from Vienna to say that she had met a rich jewellery merchant whom she wanted to marry. She asked me to grant her a divorce, and I agreed.

Besides the girl singer, the Knights had now engaged a vivacious brunette to play the violin. Her name was Margaret Crangle. She came of a good family who had opposed her going into show business, but she had genuine talent and I was convinced I could train her into a useful performer. Shortly after she joined us, continual financial wrangles finally broke up the Nine Knights and I suggested to Margaret that she and I form a double act.

On the advice of an agent, I dressed in Eastern robes, emphasized my foreign accent and called myself The Piano-Playing Baron. I played the piano, Margaret danced; I accompanied her when she played the violin—and so on. One of our high spots was a piano-violin duet in complete darkness except for a spotlight trained on Margaret's violin. It was painted gilt and studded with imitation diamonds.

There was a craze in the twenties for Russian knee-dancing—usually executed by tough-looking Slavs who evidently had knees of leather. Often, they finished their act by leaping from a ten-foot platform and landing with perfect aplomb on their knee-caps. I suggested to Margaret that she might do the same, if she strapped in front of each knee two of the largest sponges obtainable. A pair of loose-fitting trousers would conceal everything.

"Show business is ninety per cent bluff," said C. B. Dillingham. The advice changed Vic's life

The new turn was a vast success. Billed as the only lady knee-dancer, Margaret would perform every kind of dance on her knees and even land on them after a leap from a high platform. The applause was tremendous and though we played only the small theatres, we established a national reputation inside the profession.

One day, at the moment when she bent her legs to leap from the platform, Margaret's trousers split and four large sponges plopped on to the stage. That week, we rated a sarcastic headline in *Variety*, America's premier show business journal.

About this time, I received my first income tax demand in America. I was happy enough to pay my debts, but some of the questions on the demand-note were disconcerting. I was required to set down my nationality, my country of origin, the length of my stay in America and the number of my immigration visa. With a shock, I remembered that I was technically an illegal immigrant. I had entered America on a tourist visa which entitled me to stay in America only six months. I had already been there five years.

In sheer fright, I ran to a solicitor. He was able to calm me. "There's a provision in American law," he said, "by which illegal immigrants who remain undetected for five years are automatically excused. All you have to do is to leave the country, apply to the nearest American consul for an immigration visa and it will be automatically granted. You then come back and apply for citizenship."

I sighed with relief. At the earliest possible opportunity, I crossed the border to Toronto, took out an immigration visa and returned the same night. The very next day I applied for American citizenship.

Without our knee-dancing, we became once more a third-rate act which practice apparently

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Not yet top of the bill—but Vic and his partner Margaret Crangle had their names in lights outside the Palace Theatre. Although they were a well-known act, Vic was not satisfied. "At big theatres, we appeared on bills with performers earning not hundreds of dollars a week, but thousands"

failed to perfect. We had both realized that to be really popular on music-hall, an act needed comedy; and in comedy—of the intentional kind—ours was conspicuously lacking. Margaret was merely a violinist and a dancer. I completely lacked a sense of humour.

One day in Boston, at a theatre somewhat better than our usual run, I was playing Liszt's Second Hungarian Rhapsody to a lethargic audience. Suddenly, right at the climax, the stool broke and I fell flat on my face. The audience exploded. Blushing, I tried to reassemble the stool. The audience howled for a full two minutes. It was a laugh such as I have never experienced before or since. Finally, the manager rang down the curtain.

Tried Comedy—And Failed

We had barely reached the dressing-room when an agent called Sammy Payne rushed in. "Vic," he said. "I've a great idea. You're not making much money now. Why not turn yourself into a comic act?" It was what we had wanted all along, but when we took the plunge, we failed abysmally. I had stools specially constructed so that they would collapse when I pulled a hidden lever. But, because I could not imitate that first exquisite embarrassment, I never again got the same laugh.

Still we persisted in trying to make our act comic. Dates got fewer and fewer. One day, we found ourselves in the Hotel Bismarck, Chicago, with a fair-sized bill, no money, and no work in sight. True to form, I suggested to Margaret that we sneak out and pay our bill later. Meanwhile, Margaret went to stay with friends. I took a cheap room. If we wanted to stay alive, we both had to find work.

Without much effort, Margaret found a job as a sales girl. Capitalizing on my talent for handwriting, I got a job writing addresses on envelopes for a mail-order firm. Writing approximately 1,500 addresses, I made between three and four dollars a day at piece rates. In the evenings, I used to visit Margaret to rehearse the act and talk over future plans. She lived six miles out of Chicago but, often, to save the tram fare I walked there and back.

Dissatisfied with my money, I took a second job as an "advertising agent." Each morning, we used to meet about four o'clock in a tiny hut where a foreman gave out bundles of handbills which we had to push under doors. He then assigned each "agent" to a group of streets. The idea was to deliver the bills before the man of the house left for work.

One day, feeling unbearably thirsty, I'm ashamed to say I stole a bottle of milk from a doorstep.

The salary was a dollar and sixty cents a day. As I was still addressing letters, I now had enough to live on, and, later, to pay off the Hotel Bismarck.

I was determined to return to show business, so determined that when a genial and enterprising impresario named Carrell asked me to call on him, I immediately resigned from both my jobs. "What have you in mind?" I asked Mr. Carrell. "A travelling radio station," he said.

I was interested. Radio was a growing infant. "I go over as a comedian?" I asked.

"No. As a conductor," said Carrell. He explained that he had bought a portable radio transmitter and intended to take it on tour. We would present a show at a local theatre and broadcast it, inviting local people to come up on the stage and take part. They would be heard for a radius of about twenty miles.

Early Radio Show Succeeded

"I'd like the job," I said, "but have you anything for Margaret?" He agreed to take her on as a singer.

The project was a vast success, and local people thronged the stage. After so much unemployment, it was a joy to work regularly again. Even during a week without engagements, Carrell paid half our wages, a rare arrangement in those days. After nine months, however, I had the itch to try my luck as a comic. Carrell was sorry to see us leave. "You'll never make a comic," he said. "Your breeding and education are against you."

That was in 1928. Then came months of steady, if unspectacular, progress. At first, our musical and comedy act—even when bolstered with jokes stolen from the very best comedians—was little better than it had been before. I still did not know how to put over a joke on the stage. Then Margaret made a suggestion: "Why don't you take one joke at a time," she said, "and work on it until you get it right."

Practice Improved The Act

With nothing to lose, I tried. After twisting that first joke into a dozen different forms, I eventually stumbled on one which brought a laugh. Confident of that joke, I slipped in another. Within a year, we had changed from a musical act with comic interludes to a comic act with musical interludes. As managers realized this, we got more and better bookings. At the end of a year, we played our first big theatre, Proctor's 125th Street Theatre, New York.

A date at Proctor's rated a criticism in *Variety*. Ours was somewhat cryptic: "Mr. Oliver looks more like a piano-tuner than a comic. As for his violin-playing, he is not half as funny as Fritz Kreisler."

At Proctor's we were seen by a New York agent called Gladys Brown. "You kids have possibilities," she told us. She explained that I would do far better if I broadened my style. "You can be suave and sophisticated when you're playing the top New York theatres," she said, "but while you're playing the small towns, you'll have to veer towards the red-nosed comic." I followed her advice and she was able

Continued on page 42

"Stripe me pink Mint Spangles"

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Richardson burns propane gas during night shots for *Dance Little Lady*. Stranded on the burning roof which he has built is child star Mandy Miller

Cliff Richardson's film scenes go with a bang

by LISA MOYNIHAN

If the picture needs an air raid, or bursting shells, the studio sends for Richardson—and insures him for £5,000

A DAPPER LONDONER named Clifford Richardson stood by a switchboard at Chobham, Surrey, one day early last summer and watched as two film actors, dressed in Desert Rat uniform, began a two hundred yard dash across a field.

The actors, Michael Medwin and George Cole, were in a Western Desert battle scene with shells exploding around them. Richardson, whose job was to provide the shell-bursts, had spent a day preparing the ground. After sifting the earth to remove the danger from flying stones, he had laid fifty explosive charges and wired them to his switchboard. As he began flicking switches to explode the charges near the two men, Medwin stumbled and fell. He had been told that the danger area was three feet from the small white stakes that marked the spot where the charges lay.

"I had fallen about a foot from one of them, and I remember muttering a desperate prayer that Cliff would see me," says Medwin. Richardson, who had memorized the position of each charge, saw what had happened and delayed exploding the charge near Medwin by five seconds. "But at one moment my hand was trembling on the switch," he says.

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

During the twenty-eight years he has spent devising special effects for films, Richardson has built up a reputation for the safe handling of explosives; he is the only man in British films to be trusted with a private licence to obtain ten pounds of high explosives and a hundred detonators a day. For each picture the studio has to insure him for £5,000, but he has never made a claim.

A freelance, unattached to any one studio, he is called in by directors who need bangs in their films. "He has a mania for his job," says Guy Hamilton, a director who uses Richardson's effects. "And he has the great gift of inspiring confidence among those who have to act close to his explosions."

In one scene in *The Intruder*, Dennis Price, the actor, had to sit in the turret of a tank which received a direct shell-hit. Price watched as Richardson daubed the sides of the tank with a rubber gel solution, placed smoke cartridges inside, and hung papier mâché balls containing explosive outside. When Price asked what he was to expect, Richardson told him there would be nothing to worry about—"just a bit of magnesium and a puff of smoke." Price clambered into the tank, and the scene was shot.

"The effect was amazing," says Hamilton. "I could just see Dennis through the smoke, sitting rigid, with flames all around him. His face was blackened and I rushed up to find out if he was all right. 'Most interesting,' he murmured."

Though he let off five hundred pounds of gelignite and numerous charges of his own design in this film, Richardson caused only two casualties. George Cole was slightly cut on one hand, and Jack Hawkins's jersey was set alight

Explosions can be fun. In the laboratory at his Ealing home, Richardson stages a small demonstration for the family. His wife, Lorna, and son, John, watch as he strikes the match

by a spark of magnesium. "I had grown so confident about Cliff's effects that I tried to brush the spark off as calmly as he would have done," says Hawkins. But he was too slow and firemen had to throw a blanket over him.

The few accidents in Richardson's career have happened, not to actors, but to himself. For one of his earliest assignments, on a film called *Cape Forlorn*, he was using one-pound charges of photographic flash powder to give the effect of lightning. In a garage at St. Ives, Cornwall, where the unit was on location, a 28-lb. box of the powder began to smoke. Knowing that it would explode, Richardson sent his assistant to a nearby lane to stop people from approaching, and then ran to the side door of a hotel to prevent guests from coming outside.

Thrown Twelve Feet In Air

As he reached the door, the box exploded and he was thrown twelve feet into the air. "All the back bedrooms of the hotel were wrecked," Richardson says. "It cost our firm £2,000." He spent six weeks in hospital with severe burns on his face and hands.

Another three weeks in hospital followed his next job. At Elstree he had to fire a Very pistol: it exploded, and part of the butt lodged in his neck.

Sometimes accidents happen because others fail to use the safety measures he has carefully worked out. For *Captain Horatio Hornblower, R.N.*, three technicians worked below decks in a thirty-foot model ship floating in a tank. To give an effect of cannon-balls crashing through the sails, Richardson used high-explosive detonators, an inch and a quarter long, cased in copper. These were sewn to the sails, and to protect the technicians below Richardson had sheet iron plates laid over each flimsy deck.

"It was hot down there," says one of the technicians, Leonard Dodkin. "Although Cliff reminded us to fix the plates, we didn't always take notice. Three times I came up bleeding with bits of copper shrapnel in my back. Some took a fortnight to come out."

Demands made by film directors for special effects rarely have Richardson stumped. By the time he left a staff job at Ealing Studios in 1947, he had invented a machine for making cloud, fog and mist, a nozzle for producing snowflakes from fire-extinguisher foam, and new methods of imitating fuel-tank explosions, aerial shell-bursts and shells striking armour plate. His latest invention gives the effect of bullets ricocheting off a wall with half the time and trouble usually involved. This idea is still Richardson's secret—"But sooner or later, ideas are copied. I just try to keep them dark for as long as I can."

Sometimes his best effects are the simplest. For studio shots in *The African Queen*, mosquitoes were specially bred to "attack" Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. The insects were too lethargic to seem genuine. Richardson produced a home-made glass box, sprinkled grass seeds inside it, and played powerful air jets on the seeds. During the scene the box was placed between camera and actors, and the seeds produced a realistic mosquito swarm.

For battle scenes in *The Intruder*, Guy Hamilton estimated he would need five hundred blanks, costing £5 each, for use in 75-millimetre tank guns, but when a trial blank was fired from a Cromwell tank it gave off clouds of white smoke instead of the bright flash of a real shell. Richardson climbed into the tank with two small cardboard tubes of an aluminium and magnesium compound he had made. A minute later there was a flash and a puff of white smoke. "Just the job," Hamilton shouted. "How much will it cost?" Richardson thought for a moment. "Oh, about a bob a time," he answered.

On the day Richardson invented his smoke machine, when he was working at Ealing studios, Gordon Dines, chief cameraman, called at his room in the model department to congratulate him. As Dines walked across the room there was a loud bang with each step he took, though he could see nothing on the floor. "Cliff told me later that the bangs were made by pinpoints of nitrogen iodide," says Dines. "I suspect he was hoping for a more important visitor."

Fought Snowstorm In Bar

Richardson enjoys practical jokes, and his knowledge of chemistry gives him the opportunity of making them startling. One day during the filming of some snow scenes he entered a pub called the Red Lion opposite Ealing Studios. The saloon bar was empty, and while the landlord was out of the room, Richardson took from his pocket some small tablets. He heated a shovel in the fire, then placed it over the tablets in the hearth. Finishing his drink, he hurried to another pub nearby and invited a group of customers to return with him to see the landlord fighting a "snowstorm" in his saloon bar.

Recently, during an air-raid scene in the film *Albert, R.N.*, Tony Keyes, the associate producer, found a use for Richardson's sense of humour. A farmer was sitting at the edge of a wood in camera range, and stubbornly refused to move. To dislodge him Richardson fired harmless rocket air-bursts of his own invention high over the wood. "The farmer took to his heels," says Keyes. "It was a race between him and his dog."

Born in 1905, the son of a watchmaker in Ealing, Richardson began dabbling in chemistry at the age of ten in a workshop in the garden. When he left the Joseph Lancaster School, Ealing, at the age of fourteen, his desire to become a chemist was forgotten in favour of his need to earn money. After a year as an apprentice tool-maker, he became "odd boy" in a small film studio.

"You'll Never Be An Actor"

He was first put in charge of firearms when he became a junior property man at Elstree. In a film directed there by Arthur Robison, Richardson was asked to double for an actor who had to fire a Lewis gun. The actor had been firing ten rounds instead of one every time he pressed the trigger. Richardson was told to fire one round every second. He did so.

"Now we'll shoot," said Robison. "But first I want you to run round the studio until you perspire. And remember, while you fire, to look as though there is hate in your heart." Afterwards he told Richardson: "You will never make an actor, young man, but you are going to be good on special effects."

Since then, Richardson has faced the cameras only once. He sat at the back of a tank travelling at forty miles an hour letting off his explosives for a shot in *The Red Beret*. His bangs were so violent that the tank swung round and brought him into camera range. At the next try the tank swung round, but this time he was inside. Afterwards, Richardson explained that he could not have appeared anyway. The door had jammed and left him nearly suffocating in his own smoke.

THE END

Barracuda water

by ***JOHN KRUSE***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

It was teeming with murderous fish. But that wasn't going to stop me. I had a job to do—the craziest job of my life

MUNGO GRAY HAD BEEN under the water for an hour and ten minutes and still he showed no signs of coming up. The sun stared down from its meridian like a big brass eye, sending echelons of diamonds marching across the sea-bed and across the coral, making it seem to move. Fishes burst into brilliance, died, gleamed again in the dragnet pattern of the tide.

Four fathoms down, Mungo's copper helmet showed clearly, his air-line curving in a white arc up to the Sargasso, our schooner. He had no idea of time; never had, I suppose. He worked for results and didn't stop till he got them. Maybe that was why he was famous—not that he cared about that.

But the coolies at the pump were due for a break, so I dived down to see how he was getting on. He was standing on a spill of brain-coral, his plimsolls planted wide to counteract the weight of his helmet, his huge torso hunched in a short-sighted attitude. He was painting on to the canvas direct with a palette-knife, guiding the blade with his huge thumb.

I had never believed anyone could paint under water until I met Mungo. I didn't think it would stick, for one thing. But by mixing his colours in the air and painting on an oiled canvas stretched over plate-glass, using only a knife, he could make it stick all right. It stuck in shapes and colours that made you hold your breath for fear you'd drown.

I must have disturbed the water, because Mungo stopped painting and rotated in my direction. Seeing it was me, he handed me his palette and pointed to an area he had scraped clean. I had been with him long enough to know it was Dekgroen green—a colour he used a lot of. He wanted some more.

I pointed to my wrist significantly, but Mungo just gave me a wink through his window and waved me upwards.

I MADE up the brass-rope ladder on to the schooner-yacht and shoved up my mask. This was going to be tricky. The paint-cabinet was aft. So was Mrs. Mungo.

"Finish, Master?" It was the "tender"—the coolie in charge of the air-hose. We called him "Do-or-die," on account of the scroll he had tattooed on his chest. A couple more coolies were working the wheels of the twin-cylinder air pump.

"Not yet," I told them.

Janice, Mrs. Mungo's companion, was sunbathing on top of the saloon. She was playing her small gramophone, which sounded flat in the heat, and her full young mouth smiled at me.

"Hallo, Mike. Finished? We're all starving."

I shook my head. Mrs. Mungo was sitting in a deck-chair under the after awning, which made sun-patterns across her dark hair and slender limbs. She was bending over a letter with big spidery writing. I knew there had been no post. I guessed it was the same letter she had cried over so much last week. She had three little girls

"Are you mad?" she yelled at me. "The water's teeming with sharks. Bring him up instantly!"

at school in Sussex, and she missed them a lot.

I crossed straight to the cabinet which was against the hatchway, and opened the front.

Her chair creaked. "Is Mungo up?" she asked.

I didn't look round in case she had been crying again. "He won't be long, ma'am," I said.

"Not up!" she exclaimed. "It's over an hour. Please, you must get him up."

"I tried," I said, facing her and smiling. "He likes it down there."

She had put her dark glasses on. She had a nervous mouth that I guessed had once been very tender. Two worried little creases appeared on either side of it. It was a nice face. A sad face. A face that belonged in a graceful room full of flowers—not out here in the harsh sun of Ceylon.

"You've got to get him up," she was saying. "You don't understand—an hour's too long for him. And he hasn't eaten today."

"I'll try," I promised. I found the Dekgroen and stood up.

"Who's watching him?" she said, suddenly suspicious.

"I am."

"For pity's sake—are you mad?" she cried, snapping upright. "The water's crawling with sharks and no one's with him. Get down there instantly and bring him up! Hurry!"

She ran to the side with me and watched me anxiously down the ladder.

As the water closed over me, I thought how lucky it was women didn't get ulcers. She had a terror of the sea. Someone who lived by spearing fish was incomprehensible to her, and she mistrusted me; I was just part of the conspiracy to lure Mungo down under the water. As if he needed luring!

I got him on board eventually; helped him off with his helmet. He didn't like it. He wasn't just annoyed; he looked all beaten up.

"Not your fault, Mike," he panted. "Women are the very devil."

"Mungo darling——!" His wife came forward.

"Don't darling me, woman," Mungo said, turning and picking up the painting, which he had brought up with him. "Still too red! Holy smoke, this salt is deceptive! Salt and women!"

Mrs. Mungo patted a towel over his great wobbly back, helped him into his robe and led him down into the saloon.

Janice caught my eye. She looked worried. We followed them down.

THE table was laid with fruit and sandwiches. Mungo plunked his sixteen and a half stone into his special chair. "I will not have you ordering Mike around, Eleanor," he began. "Mike was helping me——"

"Be quiet," his wife said, putting sandwiches on a plate for him.

"Er—how's it coming on, Mike?" Mungo asked me quickly, avoiding her eye. He had propped the painting on top of the radio. "You know what I'm trying to get." He kept on talking to divert attention from himself.

I humoured him for a while, wondering just what was wrong, and for five minutes the conversation was as artificial as a glass eye. Then Mungo said: "Mike, pass the port, will you?"

I hesitated. I knew he would be going down again after lunch.

"Mr. Gardner will do no such thing," said his wife.

Mungo made a sudden lumbering movement, reached round behind me and got hold of the bottle before his wife could. It was not very nice and Mungo knew it wasn't. He sat down and opened it without looking at us and drank some the way he always drank port—as though it were water. After the second glass, he palmed the cork back and grinned. When Mungo grinned his ears had to move over.

You couldn't help loving Mungo. He was so damned ugly, for one thing. Everything about him was ugly, except his mind. It was one of those minds that hadn't dried up with learning, but went on and on finding out new things. And yet when he talked to you he made you feel you were every bit as smart as he was.

He had come to see me in Colombo. He said he'd heard about me from a friend; how I was a professional spearman and knew the reefs, and did I know the east coast? For proof, I showed him the finger I had lost to a moray eel off Trinco. He said: "And what do you know about Prakrama Bahu's Buddha?"

I didn't know much. It was a native legend. He told me the story I had heard among the villages of the east coast, but with a lot more detail and with dates.

Prakrama Bahu was one of the kings of Lanka, or ancient Ceylon, who invaded Burma in the twelfth century. In Burma, it seems, there was a fine new pagoda, called the Ananda, which contained a big figure of Buddha in the reclining position. Prakrama, who was a religious fanatic, made up his mind to take this statue back with him to Ceylon. He made his army haul it to the coast on rollers, had a special raft built for it, which was towed between three of his ships.

The fleet reached Kathiraveli, dropped anchor and prepared to tow the raft up the river. However, a storm sprang up. The raft broke tow and got smashed against the reefs, where it turned turtle and sank. Salvage was impossible in such dangerous water; so there the Buddha remained. There was no evidence to show, Mungo said, that it was not there to this day.

"I see," I said. "And you want me to help you find this thing and get it up, is that it?"

"Yes and no," Mungo said with a smile. "I don't want to get it up; I want to paint it where it is."

I opened my mouth and shut it.

"Look," Mungo said. "I know it sounds crazy to you, but I paint undersea scenes. Just think what a subject this would be! A sunken Buddha, huge there under the tide, grown into the coral maybe, bearded with mussels, clingfishes, crumb-of-bread sponges, sleeping through the ages. . . . I've come eight thousand miles to paint this picture. I've got a yacht and diving equipment. All I need is a diver who can handle himself in fast water and who knows the run of the reefs. What do you say?"

What could I say—that I didn't believe in Santa Claus? Anyway, I was getting tired of Colombo. . . .

So here we were, five weeks later, off Kathiraveli, and I had combed every inch of three reefs, working from the dory, and I had found no sign of the Buddha, which was hardly amazing. I'd found some splendid coral formations, though, and Mungo had painted them. All in all, it had been a good trip, with fine seas and the girls for company, and only a little shark trouble one morning and no diadem needles and no coral sores. Maybe it was a little too good.

In the saloon, conversation had languished.

"I was reading," Mungo said, by now a little thickly, "that Alexander the Great made a descent into the sea in an apparatus called the *Colimpha*, three hundred years before Christ."

Nobody said anything. The air seemed opaque with heat. The silence was shattered by

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While Janice got the capsule ready, I took hold of his arms and lifted; it was like lifting a corpse. "What's the matter with him?" I asked

It was a magnificent sight. The huge figure lay quite still, as though asleep, on the sea-bed. I swam round it, unable to think for excitement

the slobber of Mungo's port. He held up his glass to the light and peered at it.

Suddenly, with a sob, his wife flung her chair back and ran from the saloon in the direction of her cabin.

The rest of us looked startled; then Janice got up and hurried after her. Mungo stared at me uneasily. "What's the matter with her?"

Don't you know? I thought. "Maybe it's the kids," I said.

"She shouldn't have come," Mungo said sadly. "God knows I tried to stop her. Women are like oil, Mike—they don't mix with water."

"It's none of my business," I said. "But oughtn't you to go along and talk to her? Cheer her up a bit."

"No," he said, as if he weren't quite certain. Then: "No." He was sure this time. He jerked back his port; stood up. "I'm going back down."

I remembered how he had looked when he came up. On top of that he'd been drinking.

"Hadn't you better hang on for a bit?" I asked.

Mungo swore, suddenly angry. "Are *you* going to start crying, too?"

I WENT down with him and helped him set up. When he was all right I swam off a way and watched the lagoon for signs of shark. There was something queer going on that I didn't understand.

I swam around just under the surface, breathing through my snorkel. The undersea was as clear as a swimming-pool. Among the lifted arms of the coral, big parrot-wrasses browsed like well-fed cattle, cutting off branches of fucus with their sharp beaks. About them drifted the confetti colours of the reef; yellow-tails, red cardinals, blue heads, queen trigger fish, as gay and strange as Chinese paper lanterns.

Mungo had been under the water for about half an hour when I saw him suddenly lurch over to the ladder and start to climb. I swam across.

He seemed to be having trouble getting up the ladder. I went down to him and helped him up. As his helmet broke the surface, he stopped suddenly and grabbed at his left shoulder as if he'd been shot. He'd have sunk straight to the bottom if I hadn't caught him. I gripped the ladder and hung on. Three scared brown faces appeared at the rail.

"Get back to the pump, damn you!" I

Continued on page 30

My friends the baboons

by ARTHUR TREVENNING HARRIS, M.D.

Dr. Arthur Trevenning Harris

They dote on their children, grieve for their dead, and obey strict tribal laws. For years, Dr. Harris investigated these former lords of the Transvaal. He met the boy they kidnapped and brought up as one of themselves—and decided that, given the chance, the crafty, thieving baboons can be pretty nice fellows after all

Lucas—the boy who grew up with a baboon pack

ON THE EVE of my seventh birthday, my mother and I were rattling along in our horse trap on our way from Trappes Valley to Grandpa's farm when suddenly I spied a troop of wild Chacma baboons some hundred or so yards downhill. They were the first I had seen. Some hunted insects under rocks. Others tore down the long orange and scarlet sabres of aloe blossoms and sucked at the honey, just as we children did.

A huge "old man," the patriarch of the troop, with an evil face, squatted atop a large rock. Suddenly alert, he inspected us—determining our ages, our sexes, whether or not we carried rifles. The baboon, reduced by "civilization" to a scavenger-like existence, had grown wary of Man and his weapons. A mere child and a harmless woman, decided the old fellow; slim risk of rifle or pistol.

Suddenly, he gave a sharp bark—"Jorgum!"

Immediately, every baboon began excitedly to gather up stones, which they tossed in a heap at the foot of the old man's vantage place.

Casually, the old patriarch descended from his chair of state. He selected a stone, straightened and threw it at us. Then another, and another. So strange was it to see the hairy arm hurl the projectile towards us that it was seconds before my spellbound mother realized we were the objects of his wrath. One well-aimed rock caught our horse on the flank. The startled nag caught sight of the menacing Chacmas, and took off up the hill at a gallop.

As I grew older, I began to understand why the baboons hated humans so much, and my fear for these great apes changed to sympathy.

South Africa's baboons, now a shrunken remnant of a once powerful "minority group," have developed fiercely anti-human opinions. Ever since Man invaded the baboon's homeland, he has trapped and hunted him. Naturally, the Chacma's opinion of Man is anything but superior.

The baboon has learned to relish Man's cultivated corn and fruits. And those civilized tastes have spelled his doom. Yet who can blame the baboon for staging raids on the farmer's ripening crops? The corn is growing on his, the baboon's, lands. And who can blame the baboon for making his raids hit-and-run pillages? He knows that, should he be dilatory, he might stop a bullet. Can Man wonder that vice and cunning have become part of the Chacma, an animal which was once quite an amiable gentleman?

Precipice Leads To Safety

Because of these raids, incensed farmers periodically band together and stage a baboon massacre. For their part, the baboon leaders plan an orderly retreat. Perhaps they follow narrow, winding paths to a stream below and thence to the limitless forest beyond. Or, if time is short, they go up and over the top of a precipice. In either case it means flight, perhaps banishment, from their ancestral home in the comfortable *krantz*. And always there are the unlucky ones, caught by the dogs or shot by men or clubbed by natives.

After an absence of twenty-five years, I spent last September on the old farm. I drove down to Baboon Krantz, the old haunt I loved so well. I listened for the baboon's jeering bark, but an eerie stillness rendered the spot unreal. I shouted and threw stones. No answer.

Disappointed, I drove back to the farm. I asked Uncle Arthur about my old friends, the baboons. He shook his head. Not one left. Man had succeeded in ousting the last Chacma from the precipice with its warren of caves.

Well, I had one more ace up my sleeve. I remembered Lucas, the "Baboon-boy" I had known when I was a child on Grandpa's farm. Eagerly, I drove to George Smith's farm, to talk with Lucas. But Lucas had died three months before my return to my homeland. And George Smith was dead, too. I was very disappointed, for I had hoped to get the full story of the baboon-boy's unbelievable Tarzan-like childhood as the foster-child of a mother baboon.

I remembered how Lucas's native mother had left him, an infant, asleep on a blanket in the shade of a tree, while she hoed in the mealie field; how, when she quit work that day, her precious son had vanished. No blood—therefore it was not the work of the sneaking leopard. But there were spoors—a baboon's footprints in the soft loam.

The years passed, and the Xhosa woman forgot the child that had been stolen by *'Mfené*—the baboon. Then, one day, two mounted policemen rounding a blind bend in the tree-bordered road surprised a troop of scavenging baboons. The officers fired a couple of shots into the troop, which vanished into the bush. Only one, dazed and terrified, remained behind.

Fought And Bit Like Animal

Its black body was hairless. Like a baboon, it uttered guttural snarling sounds, it moved on all fours. On the left temple was a bald V-shaped scar. Suddenly, it came to the amazed officers that this was no baboon: it was a baboon-behaving Xhosa child! They gave chase and caught him. He fought and bit like a baboon, all animal and no human.

Later, George Smith, a close friend and neighbour of Grandpa's, gave the child a home and a name—Lucas. Though no mention was made of Lucas's age when he was "rescued," he must have been six or seven years old, for his head barely showed over the dashboard of

Hunted for years, Transvaal baboons have developed a hatred of Man. "But as I grew older," says Dr. Harris, "my fear of them changed to sympathy"

Smith's buggy when he brought the youngster home.

Lucas refused to associate with other natives, nor would he learn the Xhosa language. Even if his parents would have accepted him, he would have nothing to do with them. He picked up a smattering of English and some Dutch words. When he could make himself understood, he told Smith how he had come by the jagged scar on the temple. With a gang of adolescent baboons he had taken part in a raid on an ostrich nest.

As the baboons were making away with the large eggs, the vicious male ostrich showed up. With his spikelike toenails he went into action. Because Lucas was less nimble than the real baboons, he caught the first kick, which tore through scalp and into skull. It was only when the huge bird pursued the madly retreating young Chacmas that Lucas had the opportunity to crawl to cover and so escape the *coup de grace,* the roll-over, which would have squashed the life out of him.

The baboon-boy retained his simian appetite throughout his life. Once Smith shot an owl. Lucas picked up the carcass, stripped off the feathers and tore the body apart. Carefully, he removed the gizzard and set it aside. Then he devoured the whole bird. Smith's curiosity got the better of him: he asked Lucas why he had not eaten the gizzard. "Mouse inside!" grinned the boy. He tore the gizzard open and pulled out an almost fresh mouse. He held the little rodent by the tail, popped it into his mouth, and munched the titbit with every sign of satisfaction.

Last August I visited the Kruger National Park in the eastern Transvaal. This park has been dedicated to wildlife and its vast acres of undulating veld and mimosa trees, its rivers and rocky hills are unfenced. Animals may wander beyond the park, but then they are fair game. Only within its limits have they sanctuary from Man and his rifle.

My first Chacma baboon in the park was an elderly lone patriarch—an unusual circumstance in itself, for the baboon believes in fellowship. It was near sunset, when the gates of the rest camps close for the night.

As we drew near, the baboon moved into the road and sat upright, hands on lap, as if he had been expecting us. I offered him a biscuit. Gently, politely, he reached for it. I held it close, so that his fingers must touch mine before he could get it. Without grabbing, without snatching, he waited for my fingers to relax.

Reduced To Begging At Dusk

When he put the biscuit into his mouth, we noticed his deformity. Somehow he had acquired a hare-lip and cleft palate, a most grotesque disfigurement. Because of the deformity, the old baboon had probably been ostracized from his troop. He was an outcast, reduced to begging from Man at dusk, when his kind were fast retreating to the comparative safety of their night quarters.

The next morning, on a lonely side road, we met an elderly baboon couple who had been appointed by their troop as baby-sitters for the day. It was their duty to care for and teach scavenging to the twelve youngsters in their care. With biscuits we enticed the elders to the side of the car. They were appreciative and well-mannered, just as elderly baby-sitters should be.

Bravely, the dozen tiny fellows inched shyly from the bush to the car. Fortunately, the windscreen of my son-in-law's British car opened outward from the bottom, and soon a tiny Chacma jumped on to the bonnet to investigate. He caught the biscuit we offered, and scampered away. Another little fellow mustered up courage, and was rewarded with a biscuit.

When the ten others saw this little chap sit on the bonnet to stuff the biscuit into his cheek pouches, they moved in as a team. They plastered the bonnet with their tiny bodies and the windscreen with their gnomelike faces and slender-fingered black hands. Eagerly, excitedly, they "Ack! Ack'd," and caught up the biscuits we pushed through to them. Back and forth they slid on calloused behinds, edging one another out of the way, yet never being rough.

One, the explorer of the group, jumped through the open rear window into the car. After he had received his biscuit, he found to his consternation that there was no way out through windscreen or front windows to his friends. He became frantic and "Ack'd" his distress. He jumped from seat to seat. Because we didn't interfere with him, he soon calmed down and found his way out the rear window.

Baboons On Best Behaviour

By now, the old baby-sitter thought that his charges had imposed long enough on this carful of indulgent humans. He jumped on to the bonnet and sent the squealing youngsters back to their trees. We drove on feeling that we had left behind us one of the most attractive and best-behaved kindergarten classes on earth. Given the chance—as he is in the Kruger park and other remote fastnesses—the baboon is a pretty nice fellow. He minds his own business and looks up to Man as a superior.

As we left Kruger, I remembered the late Eugene Marais, the Afrikaner physician-lawyer who, with a friend, lived for many months within hailing distance of a troop of baboons, in the primitive north-eastern section of the Transvaal. Though the Chacmas learned to permit the men to climb to their treetop household

during the daytime, when the troop was home and abed at night the eleven elders would bark menacingly when the humans attempted to climb the tree.

Then one moonlit night, towards the end of a particularly dry summer, Marais and his friend were awakened by a scratching at the door of their hut. Marais opened the door. Facing him were the eleven baboon elders. As he gasped and stepped back, they trooped in and sat in a semi-circle before the startled men. The baboons stared hypnotically at their bewildered hosts, who wondered at the visit.

At last the men dressed and took up their rifles. Unperturbed, for the two men had never levelled a weapon at them, the baboons filed out of the hut and, with the men close behind them, ambled back through the eerie moonlight to their treetop home.

This one night the Chacmas permitted the men to climb up the tree. They found a score of moaning mothers holding desperately ill infants in their arms. When the men tried to take the babies for examination, snarls and bared teeth informed them that this was going too far. Finally, the men went home.

Babies Piled In Heap

Towards dawn the baboon elders made a second visit. Again the men followed—this time without their rifles. The treetop home was a place of despair, filled with moaning. The men gazed in awe at the tragic scene—twenty tiny babies piled in one pathetic heap. The anguished mothers made no move when the men bent and touched the still bodies. Nor did they object when the men picked the infants up by their tails, to take them away for post-mortem examinations.

It was dawn when the two men trudged wearily back towards their hut. Suddenly, a thin wail reached their ears. Coming towards them they saw a lone female baboon. Thinking that she had not realized that her infant was dead, the men spread out the bodies.

The mother baboon leaned forward to peer from one tiny face to the next until she recognized her own. Then she looked pleadingly into the eyes of the two men. When the men shook their heads despairingly and turned aside, she bent down and touched with her lips the cold forehead of her infant, then turned and ambled back to her kind.

With the attainment of full growth, the young baboon loses his sportiveness, his keen sense of humour. He becomes a very serious adult, weighed down with the cares and responsibilities of manhood. He chooses, then woos, the girl-baboon he desires. If his advances are reciprocated, he takes her as his wife and, until one or the other dies, the "marriage" lasts. And woe betide him if she catches him stepping out on her. He gets a measure of her shrewish tongue and, like a human wife, she never forgets his philanderings, for they are aired each time he annoys her.

It is worse, though, for the baboon-wife if she indulges in an extramarital affair. The enraged husband will kill his wife's paramour, then maul her until she screams for mercy. Only then does the group of elders step in—and the incident is closed.

The baboon's laws on childbirth are adamantly obeyed. Most important is the law which demands that for the hours of labour the prospective father must remain at his wife's side. Second, the parents-to-be must be given strict privacy during the birth hours. No other baboon, male or female, dare come within sight.

Through binoculars, Eugene Marais witnessed one delivery. The young and inexperienced wife was taken with her first labour pains as she and her mate were loping along the pathway at the foot of the precipice, on their way to the breakfasting grounds.

Because this was a thoroughfare, the troop naturally followed moments later. As the noisy medley of baboons approached, the young father-to-be gave a defiant bark. Until the elders understood, they were ready to rend him. Instead, they withdrew into a tight circle with heads together.

For a long moment they debated the unprecedented issue. Then they reached a unanimous decision. They turned about, slapped the curious youngsters into obedience, and forced the hungry troop to take the longer, more arduous way over the top of the precipice.

Even though a baboon is raised from infancy with humans, it cannot always be trusted. A farmer "owned" a female Chacma whose mother he had shot. When she became adult, this pet baboon developed an intense yearning for motherhood. This boiled into unreasoning passion when the farmer's wife gave birth to a daughter.

One day the farmer and his wife drove to a neighbour's farm. Because the baby was asleep, they left her with the trustworthy native nursemaid.

The tame baboon seized on the opportunity, slipped her chain, jumped nimbly through the open nursery window, snatched up the baby and retreated to the top of a tall tree in the yard. The frantic nurse sent for the parents.

Suddenly, the maid remembered old Hans, the ancient Bushman herdsman. Often he had stood beneath the baboon's perch and talked to her in "baboon-language." Someone fetched Hans. Yes, he grinned, he could converse with baboons. He stood beneath the tree and made guttural baboon sounds. The female glanced down at old Hans, then gazed wistfully at the child in her arms. Her heavy lips trembled, she uttered a piteous whine. Old Hans spoke again, peremptorily this time. Meekly, the shamed Chacma came slowly down the tree and handed over the baby to the mother.

Later, when asked what he had said to the baboon, old Hans replied: "Only a full breast can satisfy a hungry child!"

THE END

Consider your verdict

by
RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

TEN-YEAR-OLD Christine was breathless with excitement. Her uncle had taken her to see an ice-hockey match, and with a box of chocolates to herself she sat with him in a rink-side seat, and leaned forward on the wooden barrier which ran around the arena.

Soon, the padded players arrived and the game began. Suddenly, without any real warning, the puck shot from the ice, cleared the four-foot high barrier, and hit Christine on the head. She was not hurt seriously, but she spent some weeks in hospital, and emerged with a visible scar which, the doctors said, would never completely disappear.

Through her father, Christine sued the proprietors of the ice rink who had staged the match. She alleged that the four-foot wooden barrier was not a sufficient protection for the spectators. There was nothing above it to give protection from the flying puck, or from a loose hockey stick. Christine also proved that the puck had been hit over the barrier on other occasions, and the defendants admitted this.

But in defence, the rink owners said that although the puck had gone over the barrier before, this was the first time an injury had resulted. "The reason why additional protection is not erected is that it would interfere with the spectators' view," they said in court.

"We have been producing ice-hockey matches for many years without any previous accident, and that in itself shows our methods are safe," they added. And the fact that Christine was a child was not relevant to the case, they claimed.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 31

GADGET GENIUS DREAMS UP A HOUSEWIFE'S PARADISE

Continued from page 11

housewives, "thought vacuum cleaners were a luxury. She insisted on having the carpets cleaned with damp tea leaves. Who uses tea leaves now?"

According to his wife, Wood naturally gravitates towards the kitchen wherever he happens to be. Entertaining guests at home, he has been known to bring one of his machines into the lounge and demonstrate its usefulness in preparing drinks. A favourite of his was an egg flip made with entire eggs—white, yolk and shell—and the only thing that stopped him from concocting this mixture too often was a shortage of eggs. He found that if all the family stock of eggs went into flips while demonstrating the food mixer, there were not enough at breakfast for another Wood gadget, an egg poacher.

Wood admits that he perfected the electric poacher because of his own fondness for the dish. More often his products are created to satisfy requests, or as a result of carefully studying home requirements. The first domestic appliance he made was an electric toaster. "It was the only thing we could afford to produce," Wood recalls. "It was also the first toaster to come on the market after the war."

Recently, after learning that more than half the irons sold in the United States are electric steam models, Wood began producing this type at Woking. Before placing his steam iron on the market, he assiduously pressed his own clothes with it to make sure it would be the boon to housewives that he intended it to be.

People frequently write to Wood to suggest new gadgets, and to one of his first food mixers he applied the suggestion that it should be convertible into a silver polisher. It was a simple matter to add a buffing attachment, but the idea was unpopular. "I soon learned," Wood says, "that housewives don't approve of using a food mixer for the comparatively dirty job of cleaning the cutlery."

Housewives in Switzerland and Belgium taught Wood the merits of fresh fruit and vegetable juices, and when he entered the markets there, he added a fruit and vegetable liquidizer to his electric mixer. He sent the same device to New Zealand, and in the past eighteen months there has been a sudden surge in the popularity of these home-made drinks. Wood scarcely considers it a coincidence that the trend appeared as his machines were capturing the New Zealand market.

At home, Wood's activities are more likely to involve planning new gadgets than making use of the ones he has put in production. One December he did insist on sharing the task of making the Christmas cake but, according to Mrs. Wood, her husband's idea of dividing the work was that she should measure out the ingredients while he beat them together—with an electric mixer.

Mrs. Wood believes there was a direct relationship between the occasion when her husband had to peel the family potatoes and the subsequent appearance on the market of a mechanical potato peeler. However, Wood maintains that this device was created just to make life easier for housewives.

Born in Lewisham, Wood went to sea at fourteen as an apprentice. One lesson learned as a sailor was the art of trading. In Cardiff, young Wood bought as many watches as he could afford at seven-and-sixpence each. In Madeira, the watches were traded for woven chairs. After being used on the voyage, then scrubbed and polished, the chairs sold in American ports at seven dollars each—a handsome profit for the apprentice seaman.

At eighteen, Wood left the sea and went to work in a Croydon machine shop for fivepence farthing an hour. At night he studied electrical and mechanical engineering. By the time he was twenty-one he was in business for himself, as proprietor of a wholesale radio shop in a London basement.

When war came, Wood went into

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Marriage

Stevenson — Ewing

LUCKY START TO MARRIED LIFE

The wedding took place at Bound End, on September 5th, of Mr. David Stevenson, of Lackham Grove, Stobbing, and Miss Diana Ewing, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ewing, of East Park, West Piller. The Vicar officiated, and the bride was given away by her father.

Miss Ewing wore a full-skirted dress of white silk brocade with a V-neck and long pointed sleeves, and carried a bouquet of red roses and lilies of the valley. Just as she was leaving the church, the bride was delighted to see a fine black cat walk across her path—a good omen for future luck!

Among the guests at the reception were the bride's brot[her] and sister, who h[ad]

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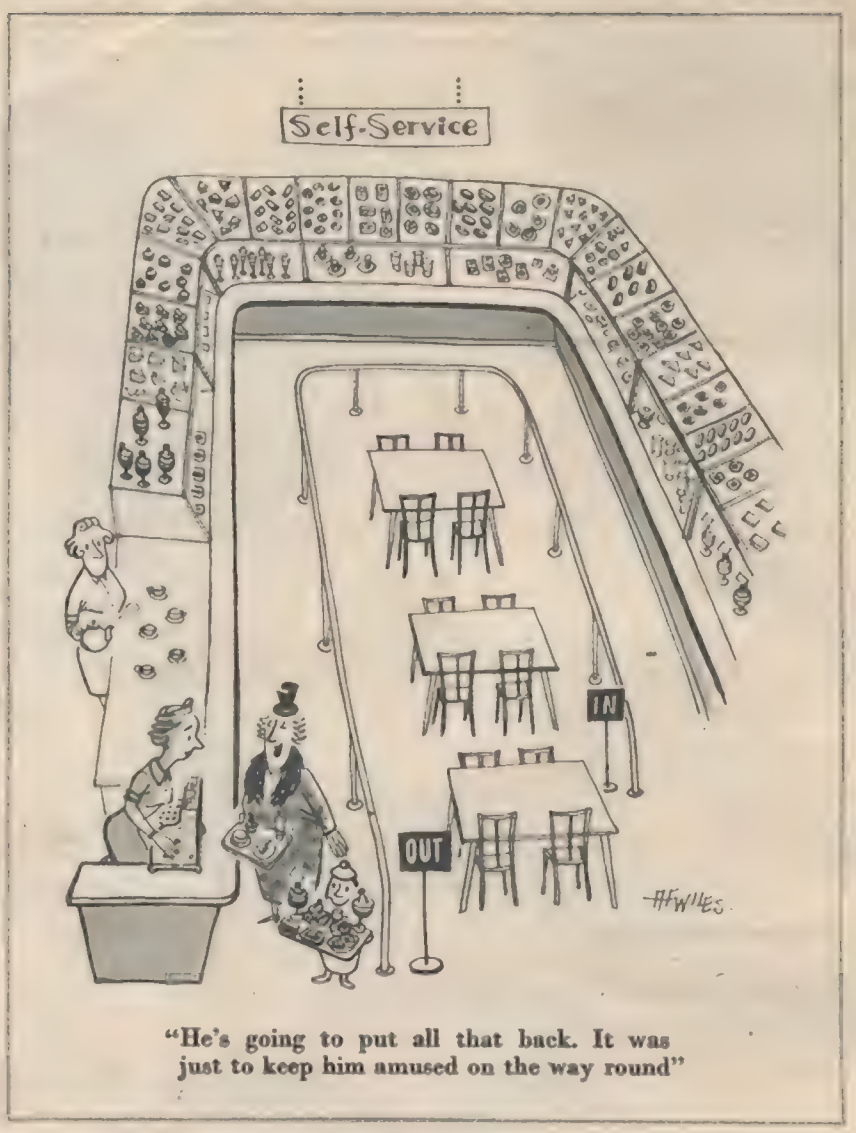

"He's going to put all that back. It was just to keep him amused on the way round"

experimental and pre-production engineering. While working on training equipment for the Air Ministry and the Admiralty, he met Roger Laurence, a brilliant electronics engineer. They began talking about postwar plans and decided that there would be a tremendous demand for appliances that would make life easier for the housewife. Pooling their resources, Wood and Laurence found they had £800 to open a factory in Woking.

Sixteen Hours A Day

Starting with toasters, the pair progressed to the more complicated task of making food mixers. They first produced a twin beater machine that sold faster than they could manufacture it. Wood himself worked from seven in the morning until eleven at night. The small staff eagerly tackled whatever job had to be done. George Downtown, now a department head, taught Wood how to polish metal. On other occasions Wood drove the van which was bought for £14 and later sold for £32.

"I would drive up to Selfridges," Wood recalls, "and deliver our goods at the back door. Then I'd walk around to the front and call on the buyer to solicit more orders."

Although their first mixer sold well at home and in the soft currency countries, it flopped in the hard currency areas, like Belgium and Switzerland, where there was American competition. This fact irked the partners and in August, 1948, they set out for Brussels to study the market.

Wood and Laurence could not get the foreign exchange to purchase samples of their rivals' products but the ex-seaman talked Belgian dealers into loaning them examples of American mixers. The partners then locked themselves in their hotel room, completely dismantled each model and, when they had learned its secrets, reassembled it.

Back in Woking, Wood, Laurence and their staff set to work to devise a food-mixing machine that they hoped would out-perform any competitor. Ideas were sketched and sent to draughtsmen for translation into accurate drawings. There was no lathe in the factory, but Jim Porter, one of the first employees and now Kenwood's works superintendent, had one at home. Porter also had a motor cycle, and whenever a new part for the prototype was needed, he would ride home and turn it on his lathe.

"That prototype," Wood says, "was practically made in Porter's back garden. We all worked on it, and we still keep that team spirit today."

It took a year and a half to bring the new mixer from the idea stage to reality. By then Laurence had left the firm amicably to return to his own field of electronics, and Wood had obtained backing from Owen Ruane, a London merchant who is now Kenwood's chairman. The firm also purchased larger premises. The move began on a Friday and was completed by Monday. That week, production was doubled.

One Saturday one of the workmen approached Wood and told him that some of the staff felt that they should work on Sunday. "No," said Wood firmly. "We are working long enough as it is."

"We Don't Want Pay"

Thinking that Wood's objection was based on fear of having to pay overtime, the man explained that they wanted to work on Sunday without pay. "It was almost embarrassing," Wood says. "Yet it was the finest compliment. Those men wanted to give up their Sunday because they felt the firm shouldn't fall behind on its orders."

Though his Woking factory turns out a smooth flow of electric appliances that go all over the world, Wood will not be satisfied until the same spirit of production line efficiency has entered every kitchen.

"Housewives spend as much as fifty per cent of their waking hours in the kitchen," he declared recently. "Machines can help them to do some things they can't perform by hand. The time for other processes can be halved or even cut to a tenth. I've only got to look around a kitchen to see ideas that will keep me busy for years and years."

THE END

THE NIGHT TOO LONG

Continued from page 13

laugh of a hyena. That would be the signal for closing in. He knew the procedure well, was following—anticipating, rather—every move that was made.

He could picture now the still, ebony figures of the look-outs among the shadowed trees at the side of the track, the waiting, crouching scouts, the soundless approach of the assassins. He was thinking, too, of the hyena call and of how appropriate a signal it was, of how these men, anointed with the carrion filth of goats' intestines, resembled the jungle seeker of the dead and dying, the craven jungle outcast; thinking also of his father and his forefather, and the different way they had fought. He did not think about the part he could not tell.

He was tired now, his eyes stinging in the intense darkness. He found himself wishing they would hurry. Again the hyena call echoed and reverberated through the valley.

He could hear them now plainly without straining his hunter's ears. There were about six of them, he guessed, and in his mind he could see the moonlight glinting pale on the long knives, the double-edged hatchets, the anointed bodies and fanatically rolling eyes.

Soon he could distinguish which was his son.

He stood, then, and waited, facing the door. Let him strike me with his own hand, he prayed, for it is less treacherous than acting as a passive guide. Let me die by his hand, so that I may know his motives are clear, and that he is, in his error, loyal. It is better for a man to be loyal to error than to nothing. . . .

He could see the outline of the door again. He watched it widen, heard the wood rasping against the heavy stones. Then the door was pulled swiftly aside. Moonlight shone into the hut and there, caught in its brilliance, a man with a long knife. The man started towards him.

It was then the firing started.

He moved now for the first time, his arms outstretched, ready, but the figure at the doorway merely withdrew. At the same time a crackling volley echoed through the trees.

It is not easy to die, he thought. Perhaps I should have known. He could hear the frantic patter of bare feet on the trodden earth surrounding the hut and the sound of boots on the same patch of soil. The firing was desultory now, unhurried; and, listening, it seemed to him that each shot was followed by the brittle sound of a body falling in the brush. Then there was silence, save for the brisk English voices.

The moonlight seemed dazzling after the hut. For a while the clearing was a jumble of khaki drill and cones of torchlight. A dark shape was threshing the air with oiled limbs in a pool of light, and the officer was there. It was as N'gake suspected. It was not easy to die. He waited for his eyes to focus properly before looking at the ground.

The body lay on its back, a few feet from the door. Urgently, his hands under its armpits, he dragged it to the hut, to the waiting mat. Blood was still flowing from the boy's chest and shoulders and back, and his hands were sticky as he reached for the lamp.

The officer stood in the doorway, but did not speak. N'gake laid his hand on the boy's chest, moistening his fingers in the blood, and slowly, with care, he traced the sign of the Cross on the smooth forehead. Without turning, he said: "Life blood is strong blood. Stronger than carrion blood."

He heard the officer move slightly.

"Yes. I'm sorry it had to happen this way, N'gake. We had men watching your hut all night, of course. We don't allow the loyal among you to suffer. . . ."

N'gake stood, then, his dignity a shield. It was necessary to be alone now.

"Loyalty is a word of many meanings," he said. THE END

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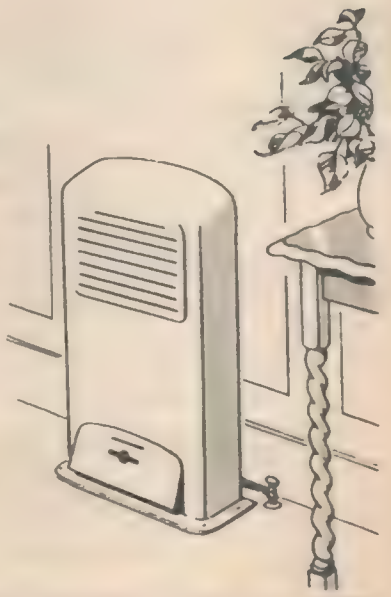

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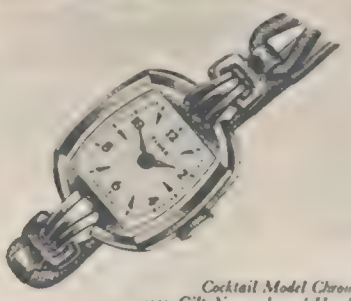

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BARRACUDA WATER

Continued from page 23

yelled. "Do you want him to suffocate?"

Mungo had gone as stiff as a biscuit. It scared me. My mind went back to my pearling days. I had seen this before. "Free the air-line!" I shouted to Do-or-die.

"Mike!" Janice screamed from above me. "What are you doing?"

"Diver's palsy," I shouted. "The only cure is to take him back down; bring him up in slow stages." I began to lower Mungo's inert form under the water.

"Mike, stop!" Janice cried. "Stop! It's not paralysis; it's his heart!"

I hesitated.

"Bring him up, please, Mike! I'm a nurse. I'll explain."

SOME of the crew had run to the side. I told them to give me a hand; together we hauled Mungo's dead-weight on to the deck and snatched off his helmet. His face was dead-white, his body stiff and cold. He was gasping as though he would never get enough air.

Janice had darted down to her cabin. She reappeared with Mrs. Mungo at her heels.

"Sit him up!" Janice ordered.

I pulled him up and leaned him against me. It was like moving a corpse.

Janice produced a little glass capsule, broke it in a handkerchief, and held it under his nose.

"What's the matter with him?" I asked.

"Angina," she said, feeling his pulse. "I've given him trinitrite."

"Will he live?"

"Good God, yes. Get the men to carry him down to his bunk."

Somehow we wrestled the huge form below; laid him gently on the bottom bunk.

"Now get out of here," Janice said.

I went back on deck, my mind in a whirl. Janice a nurse! Why hadn't somebody told me? What in hell was going on? I wondered if there was anything I could do. Then I remembered Mungo's picture. I dived down and brought it up. Then I got a rope to his weighted easel and hauled that up.

I was just finishing when Janice came up on deck.

"How is he?" I asked.

"So-so. He's out of it. These attacks come and go in a flash. He's lying down now. Look, Mike, can I talk to you?"

"It's time somebody did," I said.

We walked aft together. Janice said: "This is his fourth attack. He's suffering from a disease of the coronary arteries and his heart muscle has degenerated. His doctor says that if he doesn't take things awfully easy he'll die."

"Good God! Then why——"

"Why does he come on a trip like this? Exactly. He's crazy, Mike. He says there's all the more reason to hurry—there's so much he's got to do. This undersea painting is an obsession with him—it's more important than his life or his family or anything. Eleanor went almost frantic when she heard he was planning this Buddha trip. She tried to get a restraining order. But you can't stop him."

"Poor woman," I said softly, understanding suddenly a lot of things.

"So she came with him. The doctor recommended her to take me along in case of emergency. She told Mungo she was hiring a companion."

"Do you mean to say *he* didn't know you were a nurse, either?"

"Mungo? Dear Mike, he wouldn't have let me set foot on deck. He refuses to recognize the fact that he's sick. I tell you, he's crazy."

I looked at her troubled eyes.

"What's the next move?" I asked. "Colombo?"

"Looks like it. And then three plane tickets to London."

"Poor old Mungo," I said. "So much for his sunken Buddha. What a damned rotten shame!"

Janice looked at me, gabling her eyebrows. She seemed about to say something; changed her mind; suddenly laid her cheek against my chest. "Nice old Mike," she whispered. Then she was walking down the deck without looking back.

I watched her tall, slim young figure move, a little sadly, I thought, to the hatchway and go below.

THAT evening I was diving for crayfish and throwing them up to the cook-boy, when I heard a shindy going on in the saloon. I hopped aboard quick. In the saloon I found Mungo, dressed, with a glass of port in his hand, and the two women begging him to go back to bed.

"Ah, Mike," he said. "Come on in and tell these squalling women to shut up."

I was surprised to see him looking so

normal. "What's going on?" I said. "I thought you were supposed to be in bed?"

"I never felt better in my life. Sit down. You sit down too." He pointed to the women. "And shut up!"

I sat down, wet as I was. The others did the same.

"As Mike wasn't here," Mungo said, turning to me, "for his benefit I repeat that we're not folding up this trip. Is that clear? I haven't come eight thousand miles to give up at the first sign of trouble. I've had these attacks before and I'll probably have a few more before this damned ugly body of mine packs in on me. But we're not, as everyone seems to have taken for granted, going back to Colombo. Do I make myself understood?"

All three of us started to talk at once. Janice's clear voice bore through: "As your nurse, I absolutely forbid you to continue!"

"Forbid me, indeed!" Mungo fixed her with his eye and deliberately drained his glass. "What nobody seems to realize," he said slowly and clearly, "is that it's my life. I'm the one that's going to die. Mike, you're with me, aren't you?"

"I don't know," I said. "I just don't know." I paused, thinking it out. There was complete silence in the saloon. "Supposing we come to an agreement," I suggested. "There's only one place left where the Buddha could possibly be. That's in the barrier to the north of the river. It's about four miles long. If it's calm I could comb it in a day. I'll do it, but only on condition that Mungo lies up on deck and doesn't stir a hand."

"Now look here——" Mungo began.

"You be quiet," Eleanor said.

The women looked doubtfully at each other. There was an animated discussion. In the end they acquiesced. Mungo accepted the conditions reluctantly.

NEXT morning there was no dawn. The sun swung up and it was day. We upped hook in the blaze and moved off on one diesel, in no hurry with only three miles to go.

Mungo came on deck while I was checking over the air-pump, shading his eyes against the glare. He asked me what method I was going to use to comb the reef. I told him it was calm enough to work from the schooner. Do-or-die knew my signals. He could relay them to the bos'n at the wheel.

He nodded; watched me check my spear-gun. "Taking that?"

"You bet," I said. "These are barracuda waters."

I changed the thirty-foot steel line on the projector for a sixty-foot aluminium reel. When you shot anything at that depth you needed the extra footage to get up for air. I snapped a bayonet on to the gun-muzzle; rammed down the four-foot steel harpoon till it clicked against the trigger mechanism.

"Hell's bells!" Mungo said. "Why was I born with this rotten, stinking body?" He'd have given his right arm to come with me.

Then we were against the south end of the barrier with the water oiling over the coral, laced with straws of sunlight. I put on my fins and a window mask and, hitching the gun to the back of my belt, got down on to the ladder. Mungo held up both hands with fingers

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 26, the judge said that a normal spectator should realize the possible danger from the puck in an ice-hockey game. "It is the same with all entertainments," he added, "a spectator undertakes the risk of dangers incidental to them which any reasonable person should foresee." The rink owners' liability was only to take reasonable care—which they had done. The question was, "What should a reasonable spectator foresee?" Christine's age was irrelevant, and she lost her case. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

Are men more intelligent?

After we'd finished looking-in on the discussion the argument *really* started. Gerald said men were obviously superior. They could tackle anything—*even cooking*. Julia looked wicked and remarked that as a cook Gerald made a very good golfer! Then, just as I was saying that Nigel didn't even know what a kitchen looked like, in the dear marches. Complete with hot cups of chocolate for all. Delicious! Had to admit men were *rather* clever . . .

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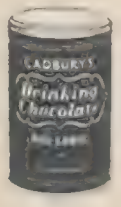
CADBURY'S DRINKING  **CHOCOLATE**

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A WATNEY BREW

crossed. Janice called out: "Good luck, Mike!"

Then the coolies started pumping. I felt the draught from the intake valve blow my hair about as Do-or-die lowered the copper helmet over my head. I slid my arm through the loop of hose and climbed down into the water.

The sea was cool and luminous. I let the weighted life-line drag me down. Four fathoms—six—eight—ten. Twelve was bottom. I was on a sandstone plateau overlaid with layers of green, orange and mauve field-coral. A big skate came off the limy weeds and blew away like a piece of paper.

I rose a couple of fathoms and knotted the lifeline in a loop big enough to get my legs through. Then I settled into it like a parrot on a perch and tugged twice on the signal-line.

Presently, the schooner began to move and I started to glide slowly over the sea-bottom. It was an old pearling trick.

Visibility down there was about a dozen fathoms, and I watched the starboard distance for the end of the reef, keeping myself from spinning by means of my fins.

The sandstone rose steeply suddenly, broke into purple boulders and leapt upwards. The reef! Terrace upon terrace of stupendous coral loomed above me. It antlered and rosetted, columned and decayed, its dark spires probing upwards.

Below me were the labyrinths, treacherous with stone-fish and moray eels, scorpion-fish, black diadems, pock-marked with caverns, their thresholds heaped with sinister piles of crab and crayfish shells, with the dim stir of tentacles within. Above me the upper terraces were gay with flowers, with sea-rods and ferns and fans and multi-coloured fish.

The bos'n gauged the reef well and held a course parallel to it, dragging me along at a walking-pace. I examined each outcrop, each tumble of rock, for some sign of sculpture. I knew that if it was here the Buddha would be overgrown almost beyond recognition.

But there was nothing—nothing but the eternally beautiful and menacing convolutions of the reef, the gleam of rays shuddering greedily on crustacean beds, the wink of oyster-shells snapping shut at my approach, drifting jellyfish coloured like sunset on ice, and the occasional fleeting shadows of shark disturbed by the thump of the Sargasso's engine.

At the end of half an hour we dropped hook and I came up for a breather. Do-or-die brought me a king coconut and I swallowed the milk. Then I went down again and we crawled on along the reef.

We kept this up all morning—with no luck; not that I expected any. It was for Mungo's peace of mind. I knew that if he could go home feeling he hadn't run out on the job—knowing for sure the Buddha wasn't there—he would maybe settle down more easily to a quiet life in England.

I tried to remember this when halfway through the morning a two hundred pound whitefin shark came at my legs from the back. That's the trouble with helmet work—you can't see behind you. But something warned me, the shudder of the water maybe, and I twisted my legs out of the way just in time. He jack-knifed like a flicked sheet in front of my face and I kicked at him. Before I could get my bayonet to the on-guard, he was gone.

These waters were stacked full of trouble. During the morning I counted eight barracuda, but they were all in the distance, streaking after terrified shoals of fish.

By lunch-time we were nearing the end of the reef. I could see that Mungo was very keyed-up. Anxious to get it over, I went down again as soon as I could.

Almost instantly, glancing up at the black hull above me, I noticed a seething mass of snappers close against the surface. They were swimming along parallel to the boat. I thought the cook-boy was slinging food over the side, and cursed. But when I glanced up again, they were still there.

Snappers exude a musk-like odour in the water which attracts barracuda, and I wished to hell they'd go away.

Just then the sea bed dropped away into a vast black hole. There was a big cluster of rocks along its edge, volcanic probably. I signalled up to go slower so I could get a good look at them.

The Sargasso almost stopped. The snappers stopped too. I was suspended almost motionless over the unpleasant hole.

It was while I was peering at the rocks that the thing I was scared of happened.

Like a flight of jet-planes, the pencil-shapes of five large barracuda flashed overhead. They were around the snappers before they knew what was happening, chopping into them with their jaws.

I was just about to signal up *Full speed ahead!* when a small group of snappers suddenly made a break for it. Two of the barracuda peeled off in pursuit, flashing down through the water in a breathtaking spiral. Suddenly in mid-dive they changed course. With an icy start I saw that they'd seen me! They came in at an angle, leaning on the water as a plane leans on the air.

The gun was already in my hands, but I didn't fire. I snatched out my knife and, as they raced in, beat the hilt of it against my helmet.

The sound surprised them and they veered upward, uncomfortably near my air-line, and away in a wide arc. They circled round a couple of times and came in again, but slower this time; stopped dead in the water ten feet in front of me. I beat my helmet again. They didn't move!

A sudden flash—and there were three of them! Four! Five! They had all left the shoal of snappers. I felt the adrenalin pumping through my body. It felt like concrete in my arms and legs.

They hung there staring at me, motionless but for the vibration of their forked tails—five slender, cylindrical vessels packed with predatory cunning. One of them began to work his lower jaw up and down slowly. It was long and pointed, like a crocodile's, jumbled with fangs that seemed to grow anyhow. I felt the mesmeric quality of them, understanding for the first time the power they exercised over other fish. I remember wondering curiously

A TRIP TO PARIS

DUDLEY BARKER'S brilliant new story, *A Trip To Paris*, has been chosen by JOHN BULL as one of four British entries for the World Prize Story Competition. Sixteen nations have entered stories for the competition, in which there is a first prize of 5,000 dollars. Watch out for *A Trip To Paris*, which appears . . .

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blew down off the mountains, but the sun was warm. I walked for a long time, but where I went or what I thought about, I don't know.

It was dusk when I got back to the *auberge*. A table had been laid for the two of us in a corner. I stopped to warm myself at the stove. The cat was sitting in Madame's chair, half-concealing a copy of *La Vigie*. A headline caught my eye:

TANGIER YACHT MYSTERY
WHAT HAPPENED TO SECOND MAN?
POLICE SEARCH FOR MISSING CAPTAIN INTENSIFIED

I pulled the paper out from beneath the recumbent cat and glanced quickly through the news story. It was datelined Tangier.

". . . and it is now known that there was a second man on board the yacht. His identity is being kept secret, but the police state that the search for M. Roland Wade, captain and owner of the Gay Juliet, who disappeared from the Hotel Malabata in Tangier two days ago, has been intensified. They wish to question him about the fate of this second man. It is thought that Wade, who left his passport at the hotel, may have slipped across the International frontier at some unguarded point into Spanish or French Morocco. . . ."

There followed a description of Jan, and then:

"Wade was last seen when he left the Hotel Malabata in the company of M. Philip Latham, the Englishman who rescued him from the sea. M. Latham is believed to have returned to French Morocco, where he is living. Inquiries are being made by the Moroccan police."

I sat down and stared at that last line. So they would be coming here to question me!

Madame had heard me come in. She came out of an inner room. "A drink, monsieur?"

"Is Dr. Kavan in?"

"He went out about half an hour ago to see Monsieur Frehel."

"Frehel?" Had the police traced Jan already?

MADAME was watching me curiously. I said quickly: "I'd like a *fine à l'eau*, please."

She brought me my drink and settled herself in her chair, holding the cat in her lap, stroking it gently and watching me with a gossip-greedy look in her small eyes. "*Alors, monsieur*—about this affair in Tangier. I see your name is mentioned in the paper."

But I was saved her cross-examination by the arrival of a car. It was a Frenchman wanting a room for the night. Reluctantly, Madame took herself off.

And then Jan came in. "I've been with the Civil Controller," he said.

"What happened?" I asked quickly. "What did he want? Does he know who you are?"

"Of course. I showed him my papers and we talked——"

"I don't mean that. Have you seen this?" I thrust the paper across to him.

He picked it up and I heard the quick intake of his breath, saw the knuckles of his hands whiten as his grip tightened on the pages. He dropped into the chair beside me. "How do they *know* I was on the boat? It was dark when I joined Gay Juliet and we sailed in the early hours of the morning, before it was light. I'm certain I wasn't followed."

He read the whole story through. Then he put the paper down and looked at me. "They'll be coming here to question you, I suppose."

I nodded.

"What are you going to do? Frehel wants to see you in the morning. At ten o'clock." He stared at me. "What are you going to tell him?"

"The truth," I said.

"No. You can't do that. Not yet." His voice was urgent, his grip on my arm like a vice. "I need time."

"Don't be a fool," I said. "You must understand——"

"Philip, you must do something for

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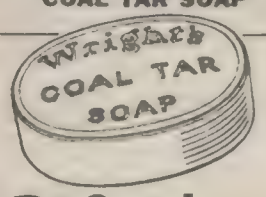

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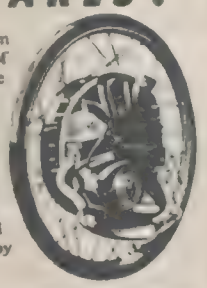

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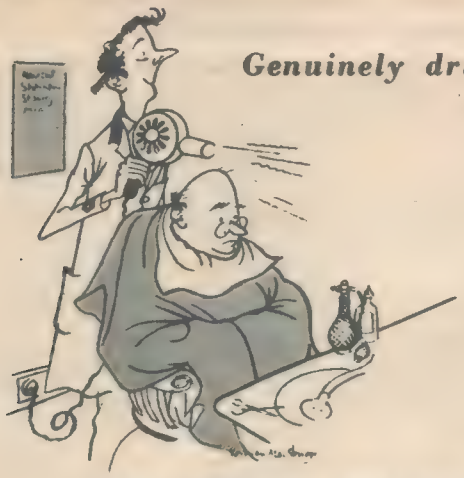

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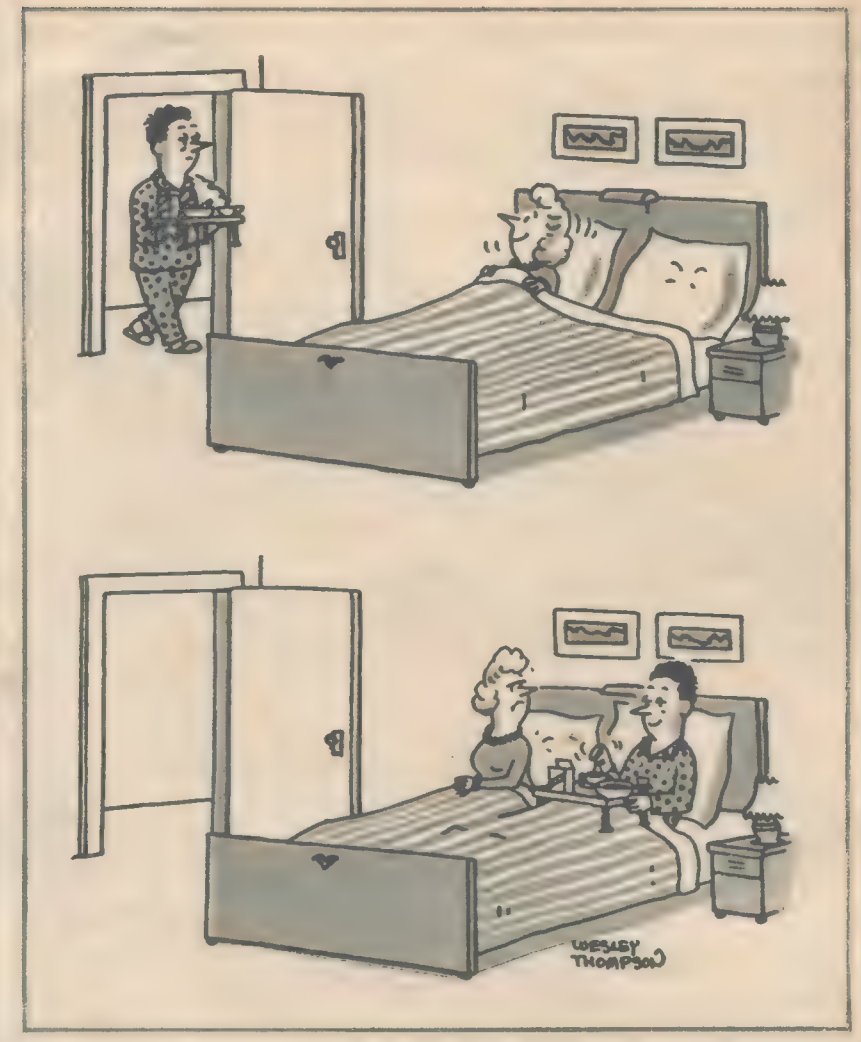

me. I've told Frehel that I flew out from England, direct to Casablanca. You must confirm that."

"They've only to check at Paris or London——"

"I know, but I need time. All I need is four days. In four days I can get to Foum-Skhira."

"Foum-Skhira?" I stared at him.

"I have to see Caid Hassan d'Es-Skhira," he said. "It's about Kasbah Foum."

And suddenly I was furious. All the bitterness of the last few hours was concentrated on this one thing. "You never intended to work at the mission, did you?" I accused him. "It was just an excuse. You used my need of a doctor——" But I stopped there. How could he have known then about Wade and Kasbah Foum? I was tired and my mind was confused.

Jan leaned forward, his hand gripping my arm again. "Please, Philip. Listen. I have a proposition——" He stopped abruptly as footsteps sounded on the stairs behind him.

It was the Frenchman. He stood at the foot of the stairs for an instant, staring at us. Then he went over to the table in the far corner.

Jan picked up the paper again. I saw him glance several times at the newcomer. Then he leaned towards me. "We've got to talk this over. There's something I haven't told you."

The soup arrived then, and Madame waddled in, carrying a special bottle of wine carefully in her two fat hands. She called the Frenchman "Monsieur Bilvidic," and her throaty voice smarmed over the hard syllables of his name as she bent obsequiously over his table. Evidently he was someone of importance—an official. His face was pale, almost sallow, and there were little pouches under his eyes, like half-spectacles on either side of his thin, sharp nose.

Madame had seated herself by the stove again. The silence was painful during the meal. Once or twice Madame glanced at us, but she said nothing, and at last it was over. I got to my feet, excusing myself by saying I was tired.

Jan rose, too, and Madame saw us to the foot of the stairs. "*Dormez bien, mes enfants.*" Her little beady eyes smiled at me maliciously.

We went upstairs to the narrow landing that ran the length of the inn.

"Philip. I want to talk to you about Kasbah Foum."

"Oh, damn Kasbah Foum!" I said. "I'm tired now." I went into the bedroom and closed the door behind me. I was thinking of the Frenchman back there in the bar, talking to Madame, learning all the gossip of the place.

Somewhere out in the darkness a tam-tam throbbed, accompanying the queer, wailing cry of women singing. I undressed and got into bed.

Moonlight was filtering into the room. A little wind had got up and I listened to it moaning round the galvanized iron roof, searching for the cracks in the old building.

And then I heard a movement in the passage outside. The catch of the door scraped as the handle was turned and the door opened and Jan's voice whispered, "Are you asleep, Philip?"

"No," I said. "What is it?"

He came in and shut the door gently behind him, switching on the light.

"I wanted to show you something." He came and sat on the bed. His manner was quiet, as though he'd made up his mind about something. "I'm leaving for the south tomorrow. No," he added quickly, "don't say anything. Have a look at this first." He pulled an envelope out of his pocket and handed it to me. "Please."

It was one of those stiff linen envelopes, but it had been softened and creased with age. It was damp, too, and the remains of the broken seal were indecipherable. Inside was a bulky document to which had been attached a note in French scrawled on a sheet of cheap notepaper that was torn and dirty along the creases where it had been folded.

I sat up. The document was a stiff sheet of parchment covered with Arab writing. The ink was faded with age, but the name "KASBAH FOUM," written in capitals, caught my eye. And then, farther down, I saw the name "Marcel Duprez." The name occurred several times and the document was signed "Caid Hassan d'Es-Skhira," and some sort of seal had been affixed.

"But this is the document Kostos wanted," I exclaimed.

"Yes."

"You crazy fool!" I said, staring up at him. "Why didn't you let him have

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RHEUMATISM ATTACKS YOUNG AS WELL AS OLD

HOUSEWIFE (37)

Recent photograph of Mrs. Wilson

GARDENER (70)

Recent photograph of Mr. Hill

BOTH FOUND

Rheumatic Misery relieved by Fynnon

These stories—two of many—tell of the relief from rheumatic pain which sufferers are receiving from Fynnon Salt.

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(The originals of these two letters can be seen at our offices).

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FROM MACDONALDS OF GLASGOW WHO BAKE THE BEST BISCUITS

THE GOLDEN FOOL

Continued from page 19

spoke his voice was steady and determined. He said only: "He will not go back."

Lemaire picked up his gun. Facing towards the east, he lifted it to his shoulder and fired into the low sky. Instantly the three men with the native, sitting in the shade of a patch of thorn trees a hundred yards ahead, leaped to their feet, their guns in their hands.

Lemaire disregarded them utterly; without moving and with the ease of long practice he began to reload.

"We will do that every mile," he said evenly. "At least they will have warning. I can see nothing else for us to do."

* * *

Jonathan stood looking at the picked skeleton. There was enough of the hide and the mane about for him to recognize the carcass—it did not need the mute evidence of the hoofs.

It was Malan who said: "That was your mare."

The native spoke swiftly, with a certain fear.

Jonathan asked, "Lion?" and looked where the native pointed. "She was lame, they left her behind and the lion got her."

The native spoke again and pointed to a place where Stopford's boot clearly overlapped the spoor of the lion in the dust.

"It doesn't matter," said Jonathan. "She's dead. It's just another thing. They will be close somewhere." He spoke to the native, and the man went forward, his eyes to the ground. As they followed they heard behind them another warning shot. Only Jonathan made no move; the others turned angrily, as they had turned at every shot since Lemaire had begun the warnings.

THE baboons had heard the shots first All through the morning they had been uneasy. There were seven of them, two males, three females and two young ones. It was the old male who had first detected the sound, and down below in the small bay between the smoothness of the rocks Lisette and Stopford had heard his grunting call. They had made out a shot themselves in the middle of the morning.

Lisette, sitting in the shadow of the trees, called up to Stopford as he sat on watch, his eyes towards the ford: "It was a gun!"

"Yes, a long way away," he said, and came slithering down the rock to sit beside her.

Looking at her, he asked: "Are you afraid?"

She nodded. "Yes, I am afraid."

"I'm afraid, also," he said simply, "but it seems to me that there is one thing only for us to do now, and that is to stay here and see what comes. I don't understand this shooting. That's what the baboons heard earlier in the morning—I'm sure of that. If it's Jonathan, then I can't understand anything of this. He wouldn't come giving us warning."

"No," she agreed, "that wouldn't be Jonathan. It might be natives hunting. They have guns, some of them."

"It might be."

"If we saddled and went on . . . ?" Her voice ended on a question.

"If it is they, then they have tracked us as far as this and they would track us wherever we went. They would be mounted, but we can only move at a man's pace. No, we must wait here. We have in these rocks the advantage of the ground, now we know that they are coming." He bent and kissed her.

Then he clambered on to the rocks again. There was no wind, the sun came off the rocks in a shimmering anger, the whole world except only the baboons and the cicadas was asleep; nothing stirred in the grass, nothing moved under the trees; the game was resting, even the birds were still. The sun moved very slowly, dragging the shadows across the hot griddle of the rock. The old baboon seemed to be watching something across the river to the west. He stayed on his look-out rock quite motionless, one knuckle just clear of the surface, waiting. . . .

IT was Malan who saw the smoke first. Pointing sullenly to it, he said: "They are there."

Jonathan nodded and sat silent, considering the place. Pulling a branch aside, the native pointed down the river and Jonathan picked out the scar of the path over the bank. Again they were silent, and once again the silence was broken by a quick question to the guide.

When he had his answer, Jonathan said: "That place is almost an island. The river goes right round the foot of the rocks. There is only a neck of land where the path crosses. They will expect us to come that way. You and François and this man must go by the ford."

Bezuidenhout was belligerent and suspicious. "What about you?" he asked Jonathan.

"I will cross the river by myself up there and take him from the back."

"While we get shot," said Bezuidenhout ponderously.

"He won't shoot you. He's an Englishman. He will talk."

For the first time, Malan looked at Jonathan with a curious light of distaste in his eyes, but he said at length: "It's a plan," and pulling at his horse's head, trudged on towards the ford.

Jonathan rode back down the path to where his father and Andries waited in the shadow, watching him. When he was level with them, Lemaire said suddenly: "Stop!"

Something in the tone brought the horse to a halt for a minute, but Jonathan did not turn to his father.

"Twice I have warned you. This is the last time. If you shoot Stopford it will be because of the gold, and I will shoot you. This you must know." There was an earnestness, a passion, in Lemaire's voice.

Jonathan kicked with his heels against the tired flanks of his horse, and it went forward reluctantly.

To his back, Lemaire said: "This is your last chance, Jonathan. Go back up the mountain. There is no end for you in this hunt except one."

Over his shoulder, Jonathan, suddenly stung, retorted: "You wouldn't dare! I am your son."

But Lemaire answered: "There are principles that are greater than blood." Slowly, reluctantly, he turned his own horse and followed. As he turned, he said: "You must watch the others now, Andries. This is my cross."

* * *

Lisette said: "Jacobus Bezuidenhout is the first, and François Malan. There is no sign of Jonathan."

Stopford felt his mouth grow dry suddenly. This he had not foreseen; it was difficult to calculate it now. Malan and Bezuidenhout would not have come by themselves—of that he was sure even in his scant knowledge of them. The one he reckoned as a jackal, the other as a bully and a fool; both of them lacking the tenacity, the drive and urge to make this long pursuit.

"He may be just behind them," he said, half to himself. Then, on an impulse, he turned to look up towards the sentinel baboon on the topmost rock. He could see two baboons now, the one staring impassively towards the ford where the two white men with the native were coming slowly through the green water; but the old one, the sentinel, the head of the tribe, was staring across the great curve of the river towards the west.

Stopford said: "I think Jonathan will try to take us from the back. The old baboon thinks so, too."

"It will be like him," she answered.

He got slowly to his feet and looked down at her. "These others do not matter. Shout to them when they are close enough that you will shoot. They will stop then, I'm sure of that. I'll watch for Jonathan."

JONATHAN led his horse into the water down a slide that the game had made for a drinking-place. He moved stiffly like an automaton, as if he were driven by something outside himself, not looking up stream or down for crocodiles.

Lemaire slipped off his bandolier, put his horse to the water, and, freeing himself from the saddle, swam beside it. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a swirl come down the river, and he thought of crocodiles; but Jonathan went on, blind, urgent, undeviating, until the horses lifted out with the water streaming from them, splashed on towards the bank and climbed out.

Lemaire watched Jonathan tether his horse to one of the small trees below the hot slope of the rock. It was time now, he thought, to fire the last of his warning shots.

Suddenly he realized why Jonathan had made no attempt to get away from him, no attempt to move faster. If he fired, his gun would be empty for the period of reloading, and for that period he would be at Jonathan's mercy. The boy was mad now: he had no doubt of that. Whatever the impulse that had driven him before, there had descended on him in this pursuit a cold frenzy.

He shivered suddenly in his impotence before it. If his gun were empty, Jonathan would turn on him—he had a positive certainty of that. He shrugged his shoulders; they were so close now there was no need to waste a shot, a shout would do; he felt the tension slough once again.

Jonathan went forward to the naked rock and began to climb. In that instant he heard the deep, rough "*borghem!*" of the old baboon.

Lemaire was sure that Stopford and Lisette were not by the smoke. They must have heard the shots, they must have had the warning. Perhaps they had gone on or perhaps this rock was to them like a castle, a strong place; perhaps they were waiting, watching. He looked at the priming of his gun

Consider your verdict

by

RUSSELL SCOTT, LL.B.

STANLEY married Ann in 1945, when he was working as an £8-a-week salesman in London. They settled down happily, in spite of the fact that the ambitious Stanley was rather inclined to expect his own way.

After a year, their son was born. Stanley and Ann were delighted, but one small cloud marred the horizon. Ann's stammer — which had always been rather pronounced—became much worse. It made her extremely shy and sensitive, and she found it difficult to make friends.

But gradually she got to know a few people: in his job, Stanley did well, and his salary increased to £10 a week.

Seven years later, Stanley's firm decided that he was just the man to represent them in Liverpool. They offered him £12 a week, and the use of a car. He decided that the prospects were excellent.

Delightedly, he told Ann the news. She was terrified at the thought of uprooting herself, moving hundreds of miles away, and having to make a whole lot of new friends. "You know how nervous and shy I am," she pleaded with Stanley. "I simply can't face it."

"Nonsense, Ann," snapped Stanley. "You'll be quite all right once you get used to it. We'll get some comfortable rooms until we find a house or a flat; although I'll be away for most of the week, I'll be home every weekend."

When Ann heard this, she put her foot down. "I'm just not going," she said, and after an argument, Stanley went to Liverpool on his own. He found some rooms, and wrote to Ann, demanding that she should come and join him.

But having thought things over, Ann was more resolute than ever. Once again, she refused point-blank to join him.

Eventually, Stanley petitioned for a divorce. Ann, he said, had deserted him. He was the bread-winner, and he had the right to choose the location of their home — especially when his work demanded it.

Ann's defence was that her husband had no right to impose his wishes on her in this matter. In the circumstances, and in view of her particular trouble, it was unreasonable of him to act as he had done.

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, see page 40

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"Anything special happen today, dear?"

hard, grey eyes looked at me fixedly. "There is nothing you wish to alter?"

"No," I said.

He gave me a thin-lipped smile. And then he asked me if I would be leaving Enfida during the next few days.

"I don't know," I said.

He nodded. "I quite understand. In view of the catastrophe. . . ." He gave a little shrug. "But if you do leave, monsieur, I should be grateful if you would inform Monsieur Frehel and give him your new address."

He nodded again and turned the Citroën in a tight circle, disappearing in a cloud of dust down the road towards the bridge. I turned and went into the *auberge*, but Jan wasn't there. I called Madame out of the kitchen and she told me that Julie had arrived shortly after I had left. She and Jan had gone off together.

I went up the mountain road then and cut down to the caravan. They must have been watching the track, for they both came out to meet me. Julie looked very pretty with her black hair hanging down over her orange shirt. She was wearing slacks. She looked slender and graceful and cool.

"Is it all right?" she asked. Her voice sounded nervous; Jan must have explained the situation to her.

"It's all right," I said.

Sitting in the caravan over a large cognac, I told them about the interview. And when I had finished Jan said, "Well, that settles it. We slip out of Enfida tonight. Julie says if we leave shortly after midnight we'd be across the pass by dawn. By tomorrow night, if we drive hard, we can be at Foum Skhira."

"We'll need a car," I said.

It was Julie who answered. "We'll take the bus." She was smiling a little sadly. "I don't want to stay here—not alone. And there's no hotel south of Ouarzazate; not until you get to Zagora, and you aren't going there."

I sat and looked at her. I thought I ought to say no—that it was stupid for her to get mixed up in it. But seeing the way she looked—keyed up and excited—I thought maybe it was a good idea. It would take her mind off George's death.

There were a great many things to be done if we were to start that night—stores to get and the bus to be literally dug out. We agreed that Jan and I should feed at the *auberge* and retire to bed there in the ordinary way. We would slip out of Enfida at night, just in case.

At ten o'clock, Madame saw us to the veranda door. "*Dormez bien, mes enfants. Dormez bien.*"

I heaved a sigh of relief. A light rain was falling and the night was black and quiet.

Two hours later we slipped out by the terrace and the gate leading on to the road. Julie had the old bus waiting for us just below the road. It was exactly twelve as we drove down the winding road and across the bridge and up through the deserted street of Enfida on to the Marrakesh road.

THE first grey light of dawn found us grinding up the hairpin bends to the top of the pass. Julie was at the wheel and the bus swayed heavily on the incessant bends, the wheels skidding in the loose slush of melted snow that covered the road. And then at last we were at the top and there were the gaunt pylons of the *téléférrique* marching like Wellsian monsters through the cleft in the mountains. We drew in beside a big stone notice: TIZI N TICHKA, alt. 2,250 m. Below were recorded the Army units who had slaved to build the road through the pass.

We were at the top of the High Atlas. We were astride the shining white barrier of the mountains that hide the strange, desert lands of the south. I had never crossed them, but I knew that beyond lay a different world, a world of *kasbahs* and dusty *palmeries* set in a land of black stone hills, rounded with age. And beyond those black hills of the Anti-Atlas was nothing—only the limitless wastes of the Sahara, a sea of sand.

We sat there and stared at the pale dawn sky, conscious of a sense of the unknown, as though we were on a peak looking out across a strange sea.

The sun rose and touched the first of the mountain tops. Without a word, Julie started the engine and we began the long run down to Ouarzazate. Nobody spoke. Our eyes were fixed on the sky ahead and the road winding down through the mountains. Somewhere, down there among the black stone hills, was Kasbah Foum.

To be continued next week

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GAY ADVENTURE

Continued from page 17

to book us in much larger theatres in towns such as Rochester, Buffalo and Utica.

From then on, we made steady progress. Several months later, we were playing at a theatre in Newark, just across the river from New York, when our agent—a new one, called Phil Offin—rushed in. "Great news," he said. "I've got you a date at the Palace."

At first, we refused to believe him. The Palace Theatre, New York, is the foremost variety theatre in the world and it seemed impossible that we should be booked there. But it was true. We had a small spot on a bill topped by Lou Holtz, who was then a leading American comic.

It was vital for our future that we made a good impression right at the start. I rang up every friend and acquaintance we had — taxi-drivers, garage proprietors, boiler-makers—and begged them to come to the opening performance on Monday and applaud us. After repeated pestering, everyone turned up. Our act literally stopped the show.

Success—Of A Sort

After our appearance at the Palace, we were established as a standard act. We played all the best variety houses and had as many engagements as we could possibly fit in. But still I was not satisfied. At the big theatres, we appeared on bills with performers who were making not hundreds of dollars a week but thousands. I was anxious to emulate them.

During an engagement in Los Angeles, Margaret and I were spending a free afternoon strolling round Hollywood when we bumped into Bill Delaney, an agent whom I had last heard of in New York. "What are you doing here?" I asked. Bill was pithy. "Better climate, better money," he said. I seized the opportunity. "Anything for me?" I asked. He had some influence with Paramount and arranged for Ben Piazza, then their casting director, to see our act.

Next day, Piazza called me to his office. "I like your style," he said, "and your looks aren't bad. Of course, we should have to give you some hair and do something about your teeth."

"Of course," I said. "When do I start?" Piazza sighed: "Well, I've nothing in mind right now."

Disappointed, I returned to my hotel. Next day, Delaney rang. "Piazza may have a job," he said. "He wants a comic for *Blondie Of The Follies* with Marion Davies. It's not a lead but it would be a good start."

"When do I report?" I asked. "That's the trouble," said Delaney. "Jimmy Durante has been asked to play the part but I think he will refuse. If he does, you'll have a good chance. Just hang around for a while."

With considerable misgivings, I persuaded Margaret to agree to having our bookings cancelled at Memphis, Nashville and Jacksonville.

After waiting fruitlessly for almost three weeks, I went to see Delaney. "I'm leaving tomorrow," I said. "I can't afford to wait any longer, we're running out of money."

He advised me to stay, but my mind was made up. "Tomorrow night we'll be in Flagstaff, Arizona," I said. "You can send me a telegram if anything turns up."

Next morning, feeling utterly miserable, we packed the car and drove off to the desert. Both of us regretted the lost work, Margaret especially. At Flagstaff, I inquired if there was a telegram for me. None had arrived. I left a forwarding address. The second night, we stopped at Colorado Springs. Again, no telegram.

On the third day, we reached Chicago, and on the following morning drove down to the theatre to practise our band-parts. Suddenly, a stagehand ran up. "A telegram forwarded from Flagstaff," he said. Eagerly, I tore the flap. IF YOU CAN REACH THE STUDIO BY TOMORROW MORNING, it read, THE PART IS YOURS. DELANEY. Unfortunately, "tomorrow" was yesterday and my big chance was baulked by a delayed telegram.

Once more, we faced the prospect of never progressing beyond being a standard act, spending all we earned.

Then, as often happened, Margaret had the productive idea. "You say you know C. B. Dillingham," she said. "Why not go to see him?"

No Job, But Advice

Having known me only as a Viennese aristocrat, Dillingham was surprised that I had entered show business. I explained our problem, hoping he would give us a highly paid job in one of his shows. He read my thoughts. "I *could* give you a job," he said, "but it wouldn't help. Instead, I'll give you advice. Will you promise to do exactly what I tell you?" Since I have always been willing to take advice from those qualified to give it, I agreed.

"Show business," proclaimed Dillingham, "is ninety per cent bluff and ten per cent talent. It is also seventy per cent what you do off-stage and thirty per cent what you do on."

I was confused. "Mr. Dillingham," I said, "please don't talk in riddles."

"Look at yourself," he went on. "You come from an aristocratic family. You're well-groomed, you know how to dress. But what do you do? You live in obscure digs, eat in obscure restaurants, play obscure theatres in obscure little towns." The picture, though exaggerated, was substantially true.

"But what can I do?" I asked. "I can't live beyond my income."

"That's where you're wrong," he said. "How much money have you saved up?"

I thought for a moment. "About six hundred dollars."

He then gave me the addresses of what he considered the best tailor, the best shoe-maker and the best general outfitter in New York. "Order yourself two suits," he said, "of the very best material—and get everything to go with them."

He must have noticed a look of doubt cross my face. "If you don't, I shall have nothing more to do with you," he insisted. I said I'd do it.

"When you've done that," he continued, "buy yourself the largest

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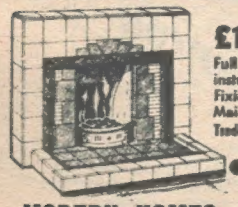

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second-hand car you can find and hire a chauffeur. And move to the Astor Hotel."

I was staggered. "Mr. Dillingham," I said, "people will laugh at me. They know I'm not earning that much."

"That," said Dillingham, "is where you're wrong. They do *not* know. When you've done all this," he concluded, "go and see your agent."

A few days later, wearing one of my new suits, I ordered my Filippino chauffeur to drive me to my agent's in my eight-seater limousine. The secretary merely glanced at me as I opened the door and said mechanically: "Nothing for you today."

I continued into the office. "I don't want work," I said. "I've merely called to announce a change of address. I now live at the Astor Hotel."

She was thunderstruck. "Would you wait a moment, Mr. Oliver? Do sit down." She disappeared into the manager's office and reappeared almost instantaneously. "Mr. Hayes would like to see you."

The secretary's report had already brought Hayes half-way across the room. "My, what a suit," he said, fingering the cloth. "Where'd you get that?" I told him.

Played Hard To Get

"You know, Vic," he said, "I've been doing some thinking. A guy like you should make a swell master of ceremonies. Now there's a job going at the Logan Theatre, Philadelphia. . . ." I cut him short with a wave of my hand. "Just now, I'm resting. Could we leave it a day or two?"

Normally Hayes would have thrown me out of his office if I had dared refuse work. Now, he said: "It's a good job. Three months at the Logan, three months at another theatre and so on. Might last three years."

I played my next card. "Let's talk it over at the ball-game. I have tickets." He glanced at the places I had booked. "Those cost six dollars and sixty cents," he said. "You can't afford that. Let *me* pay."

"I don't care if they cost twenty dollars," I said. "See you outside here at two."

He appeared on time. "Let's take the subway," he said. I pointed to my chauffeur who was standing to attention at the door of my limousine. "Take my car," I said.

"That's *yours*?" He was reduced to silence. At the ball-game, he found his tongue. "I don't understand you, Vic. Why have you been hiding your light under a bushel?"

"Because you don't give us small-timers a chance," I retorted. "Now in Hollywood. . . ."

He interrupted: "As a personal favour, take this job in Philadelphia." I looked at my fingernails. "How much will they pay?" I asked, as carelessly as I could.

"I might be able to get three hundred a week for you." It was twice what I had ever earned before. I laughed. "It costs me three hundred a week to keep my car in petrol."

"How much then?"

"Five hundred."

He turned pale. "I shall have to call Philadelphia."

A Celebrity At Last

Next morning, I arrived in his office in my second suit. "Gee, Vic," he boggled, "you really *are* in the money. Anyway, you open in Philadelphia at five hundred a week."

Although I had to sell my car, sack my chauffeur and even pawn my suits to pay my bill at the Astor and my first week's expenses in Philadelphia, Dillingham's advice had paid off. I was no longer a standard turn but a star. With my new influence I was able to secure for Margaret a favoured place in my shows. When we appeared together, we topped the bill at the smaller theatres. Even at the biggest houses, we were never lower than fourth.

Within two years, we were invited to appear at the Palladium, London, and it was in England that I was later to meet Sarah Churchill, daughter of Sir Winston.

NEXT WEEK: The impression I made on Sarah's famous father

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Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

Woman At The.....	.....To Himself
Sunday's.....	With A New.....
The .....Part	Where The ..... Grows

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* dated April 3 and in JOHN BULL dated April 10), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, March 27, for early news of *Bullets* No. 1,927 result.)

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" 1,927, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

EXAMPLE ..... **6d.**

BULLET

EX. ..... **6d.**

B.

EX. ..... **6d.**

B.

EX. ..... **6d.**

B.

£100 BONUS An extra £100 cash will be shared amongst the 70 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of four or more for Contest No. 1,927.

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value.... No..... **1,927** Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 15

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

TO HELP YOU WIN Don't miss your entertaining "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. Stick 2½d. stamp on right to receive copy on Monday, March 29. **740**

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "*Bulletin*"

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EX. .....

B.

EXTRA THREE FOR 1s. ONLY

This extra three-effort coupon is valid only if enclosed with the fully completed coupon above for Contest No. 1,927.

Signed.....

Address.....

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NEXT WEEK—FIRST POSTWAR PENSION OFFER

£125,000 GUIDE TO "BULLETS" SUCCESS

SIMPLY make an entry of FOUR or more *Bullets* (with correct fee, see Rules), for this week's £1,000 and Ideal Kitchen Prize. Address and enclose Gift Label with your entry—and you will receive FREE and POST-FREE the 64-page Golden Guide, packed with practical help for would-be winners.

YOU ARE INVITED TO ENCLOSE THIS GIFT LABEL

To secure my Golden Guide FREE, I enclose with this Gift Label my JOHN BULL entry of FOUR or more *Bullets* for Contest No. 1,927.

Name .....

Address.....

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